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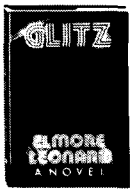

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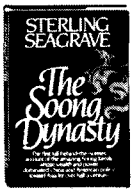

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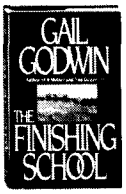

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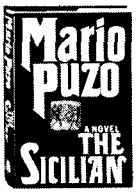

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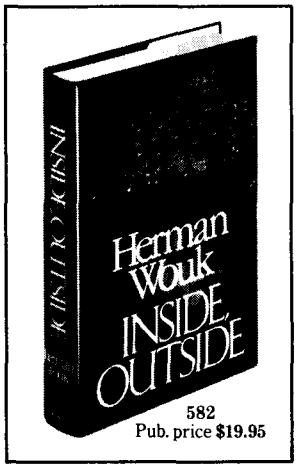

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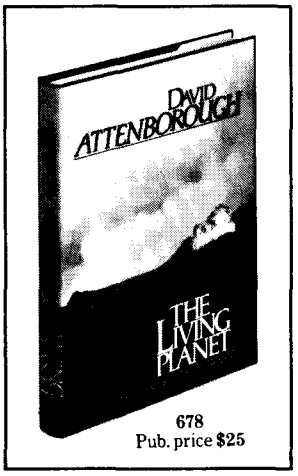

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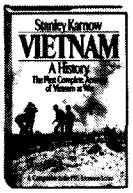

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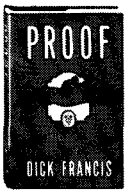

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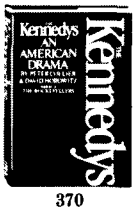

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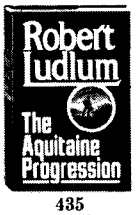

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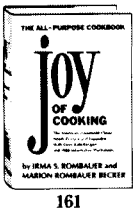

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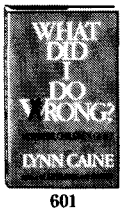

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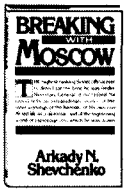

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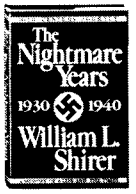

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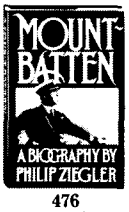

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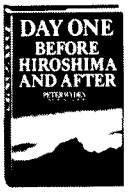

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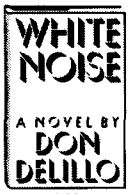

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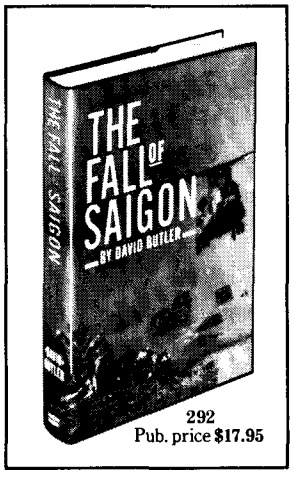

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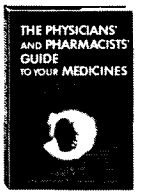

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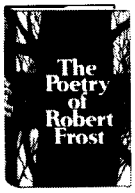

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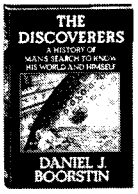

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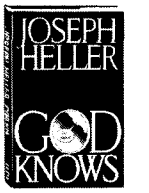

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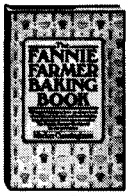

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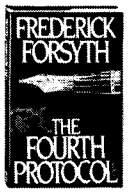

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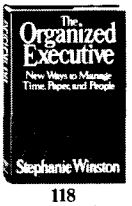

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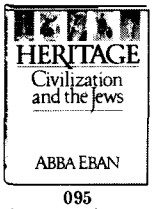

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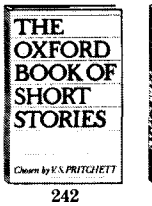

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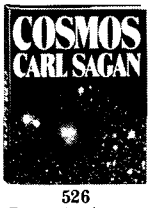

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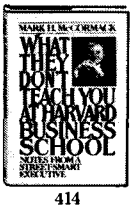

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"...discrimination is discrimination, no matter what it is based on."

Smokers Get a Raw Deal

By Stanley S. Scott

The civil rights act, the voting rights act and a host of antidiscrimination laws notwithstanding, millions of Americans are still forced to sit in the back of planes, trains and buses. Many more are subject to segregation in public places. Some are even denied housing and employment: victims of an alarming — yet socially acceptable — public hostility.

This new form of discrimination is based on smoking behavior.

If you happen to enjoy a cigarette, you are the potential target of violent antismokers and overzealous public enforcers determined to force their beliefs on the rest of society.

Ever since people began smoking, smokers and nonsmokers have been able to live with one another using common courtesy and common sense. Not anymore. Today, smokers must put up with virtually unenforceable laws regulating when and where they can smoke — laws intended as much to discourage smoking itself as to protect the rights of nonsmokers. Much worse, supposedly responsible organizations devoted to the "public interest" are encouraging the harassment of those who smoke.

This year, for example, the American Cancer Society is promoting programs that encourage people to attack smokers with cannisters of gas, to blast them with horns, to squirt them with oversized water guns and burn them in effigy.

Stanley S. Scott is vice president and director of corporate affairs of Philip Morris Inc.

Zealots, stop maltreating cigarette users

Harmless fun? Not quite. Consider the incidents that are appearing on police blotters across America:

- In a New York restaurant, a young man celebrating with friends was zapped in the face by a man with an aerosol spray can. His offense: lighting a cigarette. The aggressor was the head of a militant antismoker organization whose goal is to mobilize an army of two million zealots to spray smokers in the face.
- In a suburban Seattle drug store, a man puffing on a cigarette while he waited for a prescription to be filled was ordered to stop by an elderly customer who pulled a gun on him.
- A 23-year-old lit up a cigarette on a Los Angeles bus. A passenger objected. When the smoker objected to the objection, he was fatally stabbed.
- A transit policeman, using his reserve gun, shot and fatally wounded a man on a subway train in the Bronx in a shootout over smoking a cigarette.

The basic freedoms of more than 50 million American smokers are at risk today. Tomorrow, who knows what personal behavior will become socially unacceptable, subject to restrictive laws and public ridicule? Could travel by private car make the social engineers' hit list because it is less safe than public transit? Could ice cream, cake and cookies become socially unacceptable because their consumption causes obesity? What about sky diving, mountain climbing, skiing and contact sports? How far will we allow this to spread?

The question all Americans must ask themselves is: can a nation that has struggled so valiantly to eliminate bias based on race, religion and sex afford to allow a fresh set of categories to encourage new forms of hostility between large groups of citizens?

After all, discrimination is discrimination, no matter what it is based on. □

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The seven children the Newman family sponsors are Pedro, Gustavo, Carlos, Johnny, Andres, Jaime, and Laki.

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"It was a joy to share our good fortune with her and to know that she was blossoming because someone cared enough to help. It made us want to help other children in the same way. And now we sponsor seven children around the world. Children we have come to understand and love. Thanks to Save the Children.

"If you've ever wondered 'What can one person do?'—the answer is 'You can help save a child.' If you are touched by the plight of needy children, there is no better way than Save the Children to reach out to them with caring, comfort, and support.

"Please join us as a Save the Children sponsor. We've seen the wonders they can work. You'll see how much you really can do—in the eyes and in the progress of the child you sponsor. You'll bring new hope to a child you'll know personally, as we do, through photographs...reports...and letters you can exchange, if you wish.

"You'll see despair turn to hope, and you'll feel the personal reward of knowing what your love and support can do.

"The cost is so little. The need is so great. Won't you join us as Save the Children sponsors?"

A sponsorship costs only $16 a month—less than many other sponsorship agencies. Just 52¢ a day. Because 50 years of experience has taught us that direct handouts are the least effective way of helping children, your sponsorship contributions are not distributed in this way. Instead they are used to help children in the most effective way possible—by helping the entire community with projects and services, such as health care, education, food production and nutrition. So hardworking people can help themselves and save their own children.

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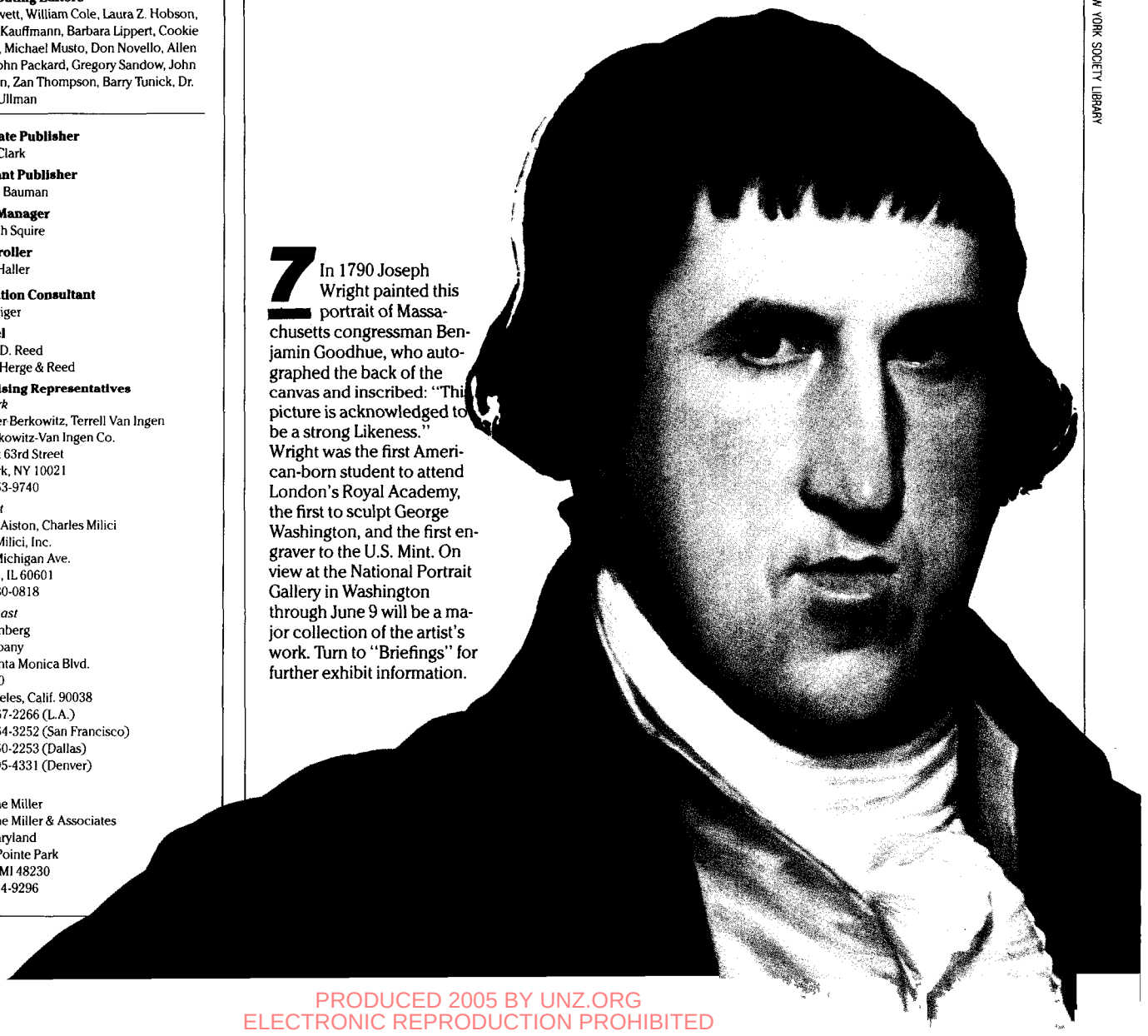
39 You may not know their names—yet. They're bright, ambitious, and grabbing greatness at an early age. SR spotlights sixteen talented people you'll be hearing more from.

56 Can a comeback and the worship of her adoring fans assuage Nina Simone's bitter dissatisfaction with life?

52 The Mississippi Mudcat, King Carl, and the Bambino play in the fields of "Baseball Dreams."

7 In 1790 Joseph Wright painted this portrait of Massachusetts congressman Benjamin Goodhue, who autographed the back of the canvas and inscribed: "This picture is acknowledged to be a strong Likeness." Wright was the first American-born student to attend London's Royal Academy, the first to sculpt George Washington, and the first engraver to the U.S. Mint. On view at the National Portrait Gallery in Washington through June 9 will be a major collection of the artist's work. Turn to "Briefings" for further exhibit information.



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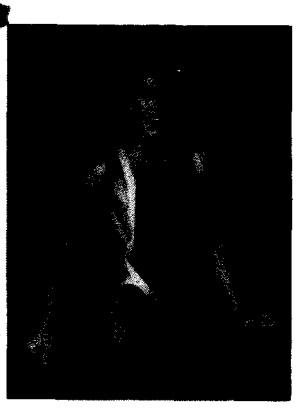

BRIAN KING

29 America's never been crazier about dance and dancers like Marine Jahan (above) and Nicole Fosse (below). American dance has been both cause and effect of some major social and cultural changes.

COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY PATRICK DEMARCHELIER. HAIR AND MAKE-UP BY ARTHUR SCOTT FOR THE BENJAMIN SALON.

Saturday Review

May/June 1985

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BRIEFINGS

COMMUNIST PLOP

This poster won numerous design competitions for its creators, Britons John Gorham and Howard Brown. The Tony Evans photograph is from an advertisement for a Cannes Film Festival entry called *The Red Monarch*, and appears in the colorful and somewhat offbeat fourth annual edition of *European Photography 1985* (Abrams). For more from the book see "A Thousand Words," page 22.

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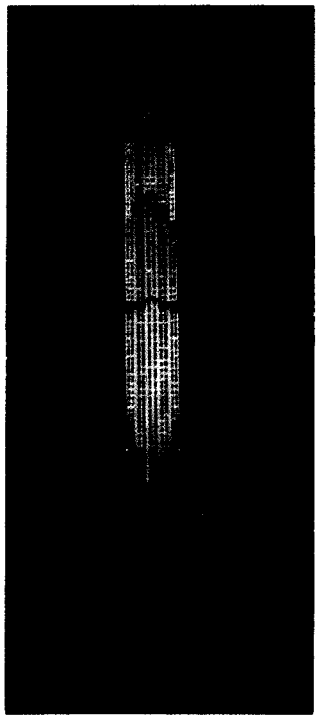
BRIEFINGS

BRIGHT LIGHTS, BIG CITY

When the switch was thrown last December, theatrical lighting director Abe Feder's dramatic vision of the 70-story RCA Building flashed against New York City's night sky for the first time. Now the 50-year-old building at 30 Rockefeller Plaza has become the beacon of midtown, lit by 349 massive lamps carrying more than half a million watts of electricity.

Feder is perhaps one reason the city never appears to sleep. In recent years he has been responsible for lighting such structures as the United Nations Building, the Time-Life Building, the Exxon Building, and the Prometheus Fountain. Outside New York he has illuminated the Harvard Law School, Washington's Kennedy Center, and Buckminster Fuller's first geodesic dome. All this after establishing himself a premier theatrical lighting designer whose credits include *My Fair Lady* and *Camelot.*



BO PARKER

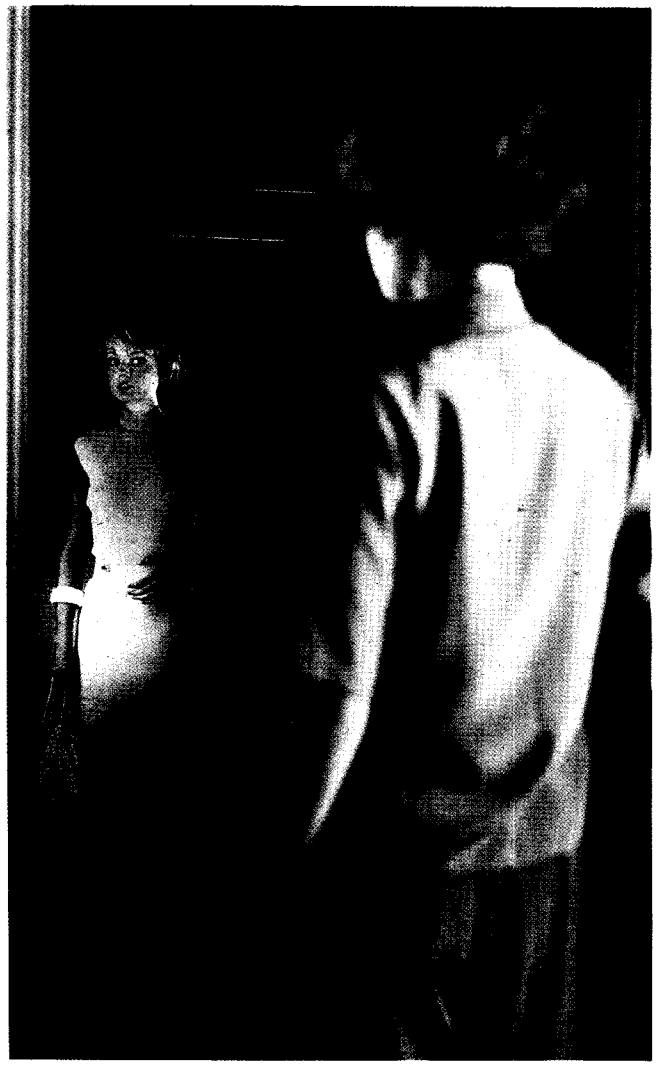
RCA's tower of power can be seen any night between dusk and 1 a.m. It's located between 49th and 50th streets just off 5th Avenue. You can't miss it.

THE MYSTERY OF ECONOMICS

Moët and Chandon, the champagne people, have released the results of their latest Luxury Index, a gauge of how inflation is affecting price changes for luxury items in the New York City area. Predictably, a dollar doesn't buy what it used to from the "Moët basket of goods." But first the good news: Despite a 4% increase in the cost of living, some items, such as a Broadway theater ticket ($45), a bottle of X.O. Hennessy Cognac ($62), and a Rolls-Royce Corniche convertible ($156,000), have all stubbornly resisted price increases.

However, the price of a round-trip ticket to Paris on the Concorde went up $124 to $4,244. A year at Harvard increased 8.5% to $9,800. New York's La Coupe hair salon currently charges $55 for a wash, cut, and blow-dry, a 22% increase over the previous survey. Maid service is up from $68 to $74 a day.

Stock market commentator Raymond De Voe Jr. has also come up with some interesting inflation statistics published in something he calls the Trivia Index. Overall economic news appears to be encouraging, but we're getting only half the story, according to De Voe. He believes that costs of everyday services—from medical care to manicures—go unmeasured by the Consumer Price Index. That's because the CPI refers to the price of goods, not services. So the cost of little things like bank penalties for bouncing checks, dry-cleaning, parking, or processing mail at the post office will continue to soar.



L.S. AYRES AND CO

MIRROR, MIRROR OFF THE WALL

Jean Claude Bourdier is a man with a vision. After more than twenty years' work in film and optics research, he has now brought to the fashion world an unusual invention he claims will change the way shoppers look for clothes. The Magic Mirror is an electronic device that allows a customer to stand in front of a dressing room mirror and actually see what she will look like in an outfit by simply pressing a button. As many as ten outfits can be "tried on" in a minute, complete with accessories, and the machine's memory stores any favorites for later recall.

Images are shaped to a customer's size by feeding the system personal measurements, a process which takes about fifteen minutes. A shopper then flips through a selection of garments—while still in her own clothes—using a nearby digital panel. The clothes appear on the screen with the shopper "in" them, and if the look is right, an inventory computer hooked to the device determines if the item is in stock.

The Magic Mirror is currently making its debut at a number of L.S. Ayers stores in the Midwest, featuring a full line of Liz Claiborne designs.

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BRIEFINGS

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HOLY COW! What will Jim Bouton do next? First he pitched for the New York Yankees in the 1960s, then he wrote a book about those years called *Ball Four.* Now he's started a company that will print YOUR name, picture, and personal "stats" on an authentic baseball card—JUST LIKE THE BIG LEAGUE STARS!

What you do is fill out a form listing your hobbies, nickname, and favorite activity. Mail that with any size (returnable) photo and in four to six weeks, Jim will send a minimum of fifty personalized baseball cards that have the look and feel of the real thing. They even come with a piece of bubble gum inside! Collect 'em! Trade 'em with your friends! Some people use them for announcements or as business cards. And WOW, do they ever make a great gift!

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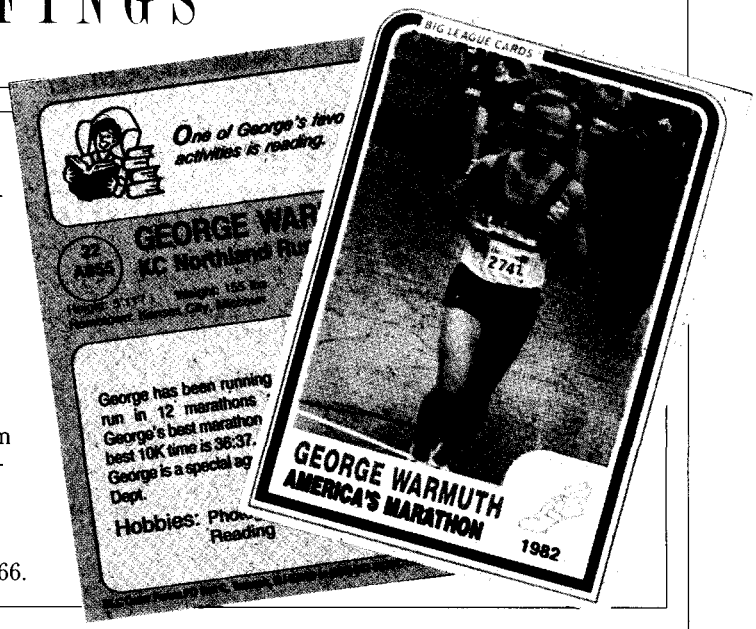
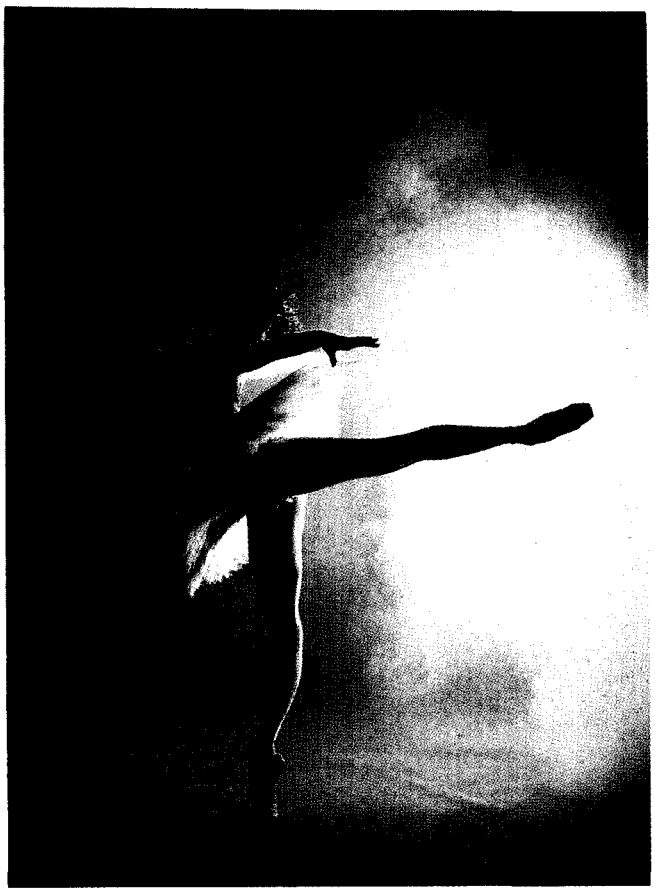
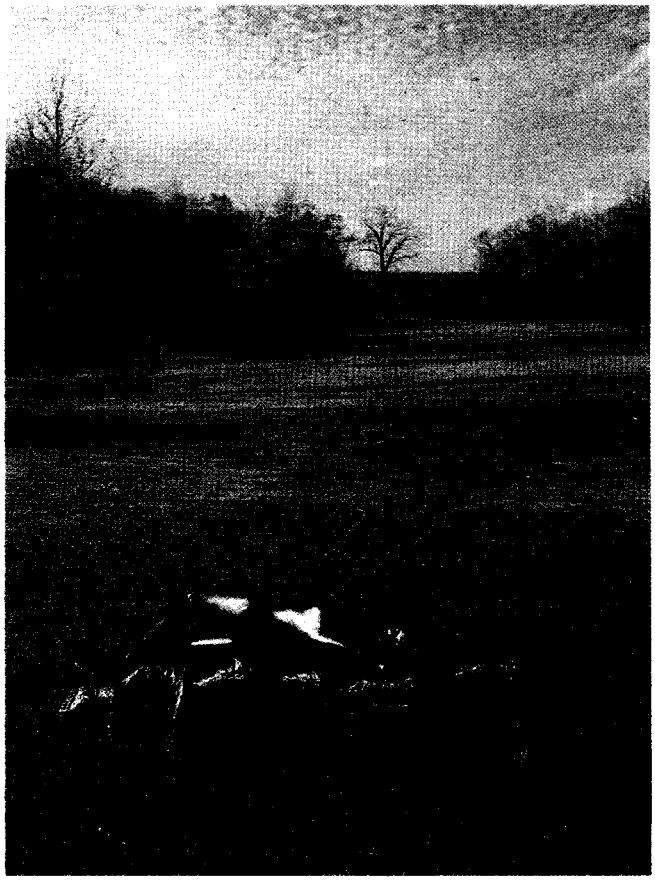


HOUSTON BALLET

Artistic director Ben Stevenson's Houston Ballet will perform *Tribute to Balanchine* this spring, a new work choreographed by Helgi Tomasson in memory of the late impresario. The company also will revive two of Balanchine's own creations, *Theme and Variation* and *Serenade,* before touring with their production of *Swan Lake.* Pictured here is principal dancer Janie Parker in that ballet.



KENN DUNCAN



GEORGE O'NEILL

This is Sabrina. In 1984 she sprang from the imagination of New York City sculptor George O'Neill, a 34-year-old self-taught artist whose work is just now being recognized throughout Europe and the U.S. Art commentator Antonina Verzariu has called his nudes "sensuous but never erotic. Neither matriarchs nor symbols of fertility, O'Neill's female nudes embody an 'otherness' of quiet dignity which is seldom voluptuous, almost shy."

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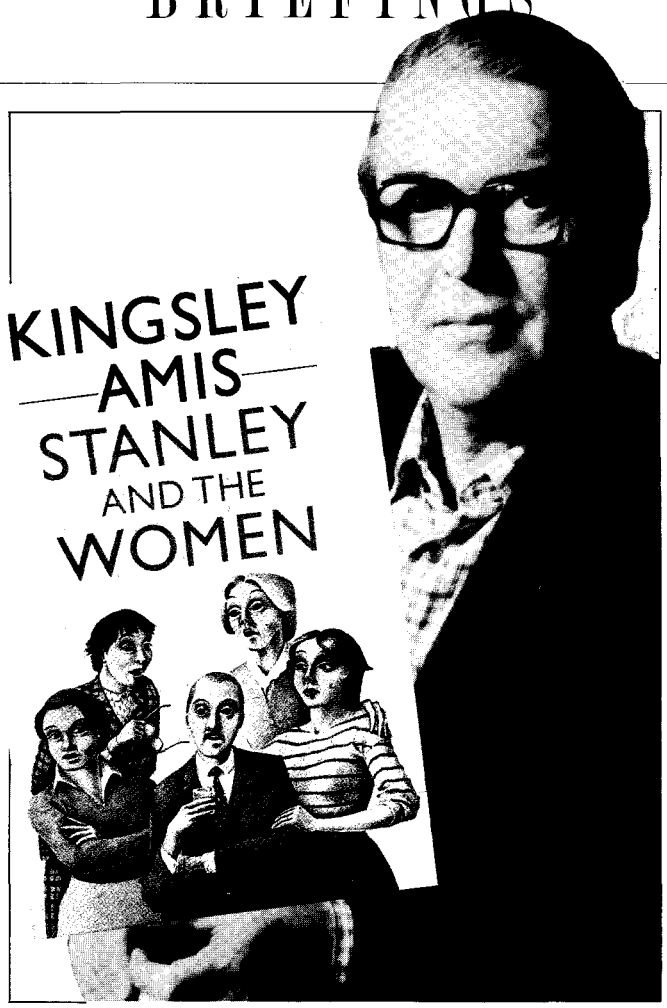
KINGSLEY AND THE WOMEN

When Kingsley Amis published his seventeenth novel last year, the sixty-two-year-old author received some of the best reviews of his life—and more trouble than he's seen since he first began tweaking the nose of societal idols back in the 1950s.

Listen to Stanley Duke, the troubled, tortured central character of *Stanley and the Women*, talking about the fairer sex: "There's more to it than simply them being a pest. A lot of them. The ones like that have got a distorted picture of reality. Not as distorted as thinking they're Napoleon, but distorted. More distorted than a bloke who thinks the earth is flat, because you can have a decent discussion of football with him. Their thing covers everything."

Or this, from one of Stanley's mates: "According to some bloke on the telly the other night, twenty-five percent of violent crime in England and Wales is husbands assaulting their wives. Amazing figure that, don't you think? You'd expect it to be more like eighty percent. Just goes to show you what an easy-going lot English husbands are, only one in four of them bashing his wife. . . . But it's funny about wife-battering. Nobody ever asks what the wife had been doing or saying. She's never anything but a God-fearing woman who happens to have a battering husband."

Stanley and the Women is the story of a middle-aged, middle-class, mid-level English executive into whose life have crept a series of women he sees as bent upon destroying the rhythm of an otherwise rational (male) world. Duke's first marriage has crumbled, his son is a wacko, and all attempts to bring order from chaos appear blocked by the subtle, ever-present female conspiracy. No wonder that during the course of the novel, some of the milder labels offered up by various male characters about women are: selfish, fatiguing, predictable, foolish, and about as duplicitous as Soviet foreign policy. Never mind that Stanley Duke doesn't find happiness in sexist finger pointing. To him, all women are quite mad.



MARK GERSON

"When I was writing the book," Amis says, "occasionally I thought, well, this or that comment might sting. But you can't pull any punches just because it will upset a few people." Aside from a few gentle caveats that appeared in reviews concerning the book's sexist tone, there was no feminist outcry in Britain. Surprisingly, no one seemed particularly upset at all until Hutchinson, Amis's British publisher, began casting around for an American publisher for the novel.

At least two U.S. publishers read *Stanley and the Women* last summer, according to Amis's long-time agent, John Clowes. But just when it looked as though deals were ready to be signed, something happened. "At first they were rather vague about the whole thing. It took a while to find out, but when I pressed them on it, I was told that certain women on their boards were unhappy with the book. And I saw that as a form of censorship." Despite Clowes's insistence that the unnamed women were confusing the novel's preposterous character with the author himself, Amis's reaction to the whole affair is vintage Stanley Duke. "Well, feminists are a bit loonier in America than in Britain, aren't they?"

In the meantime, *Stanley* received a good deal of attention in the U.S. when both *Publishers' Weekly* and *Time* reported the flap in February. Finally, nine months after it appeared on the British best seller list, the novel found a home with an American publisher. "If the book got a lot of hype in the press, it really doesn't matter to me," says Amis. "I only wanted it sold. I don't think there was any national change of heart in America. There were just some smart people who knew how to get it through."

The smart people, it turns out, were at Summit Books, a division of Simon and Schuster, who recently bought the rights. Curiously, though, Summit refuses to acknowledge that there ever was a controversy, much less discuss their reasons for picking up the novel nobody else wanted. "Look, every book is different," said Summit's associate publisher Wendy Nicholson. "There's no story here and I don't see that we have anything more to talk about."

"I do find that a curious reaction, said Clowes when told told of Summit's apparent sensitivity to the book's history. "I have no idea why they would feel that way."

None of this is bothering Kingsley Amis much, however. He is currently at work on another novel in which he says the only solidly sympathetic character is a woman. Does that mean he's caving in under feminist pressure? "Good Lord, no. To hell with them. Don't let anybody think I am changing course. This whole drama has been a wonderful illustration of exactly what I was trying to say in the book, that some women take things personally to a ridiculous extent."

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BRIEFINGS

HÉLÈNE BAMBERGER / GAMMA

LEARNING OF LOVE

Last September a new novel by the seventy-one-year-old literary lioness Marguerite Duras set France on its ear. Author of numerous screenplays (*Hiroshima, Mon Amour*), novels (*Moderato Cantabile*), and plays (*Days in the Trees*), Duras had something different to offer.

L'Amant is a short, exotic, erotic autobiographical confession about her first love affair, as a fifteen-year-old schoolgirl, with a rich Chinese businessman in Indochina during the 1930s. The book immediately shot to the top of the best seller list. In November it won the prestigious Prix Goncourt. *The Lover* will be published in this country at the end of June by Pantheon. It will deservedly become the summer's hottest book.

Duras's father was a minor French colonial official in Saigon. When he unexpectedly died, her mother was left with three children to support on her meager schoolteacher's pay. From the first moment they met on a ferry crossing the Mekong, Marguerite was seduced by her lover's money, which literally enabled her to put food on her family's table. Her mother, torn between shame and hunger, ultimately became an accomplice and told the nuns at Marguerite's boarding school not to expect her to sleep in the dormitory at night.

The language of the novel, skilfully translated by Barbara Bray, is insinuating—lazily shifting in and out of persons and tense like the hazy Vietnamese humidity. Thus, Duras describes their first time together: "He's torn off the dress, he throws it down. He's torn off her little white cottonpanties and carries her over like that, naked, to the bed. And here he turns away and weeps. And she, slow, patient, draws him to her and starts to undress him. . . . The skin is sumptuously soft. The body. The body is thin, lacking in strength, in muscle, he may have been ill, may be convalescent, he's hairless, nothing masculine about him but his sex, he's weak, probably a helpless prey to insult, vulnerable. She doesn't look him in the face. Doesn't look at him at all. She touches him. Touches the softness of his sex, his skin, caresses his goldenness, the strange novelty. He moans, weeps. In dreadful love."

Marguerite reacts to the experience with the terror of a child and the voluptuousness of a woman. It inevitably changes her relationships with her family, and her schoolgirl crush on a fellow female student suddenly takes on a dimension of adult desire.

The book is almost hypnotic in its mood and tone, pushing and pulling the reader's emotions and reactions in different directions at the same time. Describing one afternoon of lovemaking, Duras writes: "He calls me a whore, a slut, he says I'm his only love, and that's what he ought to say, and what you do say when you just let things say themselves, when you let the body alone, to seek and find and take what it likes, and then everything is right, and nothing's wasted, the waste is covered over and all is swept away in the torrent, in the force of desire."

•

At a recent cocktail reception in Paris, Duras greeted a panoply of admirers. Some of the guests were French coeds who literally bowed on their knees in front of the venerated Duras, who sat placidly on a velvet upholstered divan like a dignified grandmother. Her petite stature, gray hair, and wrinkled complexion only heightened her personal charm as she smiled warmly at her devotees while signing autographs for them.

Several confident middle-aged women who appeared to be linked with the literary community approached the author, sat next to her on the divan, took her hands in theirs, and spoke in hushed tones about . . . the French literati's gossip?

Finally, well-dressed businessmen holding glasses of champagne crowded around, addressing her as "Marguerite."

When her group of fans had slightly thinned, I chatted with her.

"Where does the passion in your work come from? Youth?"

"Not necessarily," she responded with an ironic grin.

"Suppose a great passion for someone in youth is never realized, where do the feelings for the beloved go?"

"I don't know. But, anyway, I don't think people feel more strongly for people in youth than in old age."

The divine Miss M was playful. But this was a cocktail party and we were having a cocktail conversation.

"Would nationality, say being French, have anything to do with a culture's preoccupation—for example, passion and love as French pastimes, and its literature?"

"Americans like to categorize, even passion and love. Love is universal. It's felt in all cultures and in all classes. French is just the language I use to communicate," she said.

"What about in your writing?"

"Writing? I don't know what writing is," she concluded.

Stock lines? But why such sadness in her eyes?

—Roberta Fineberg

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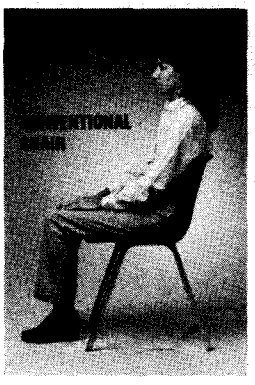

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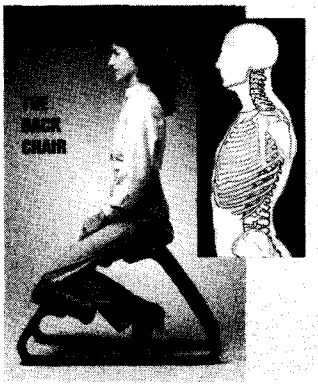

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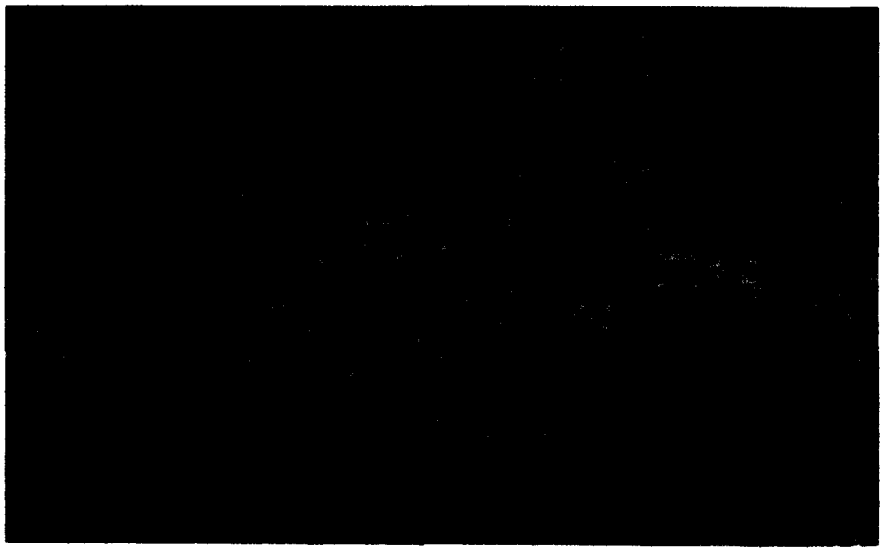
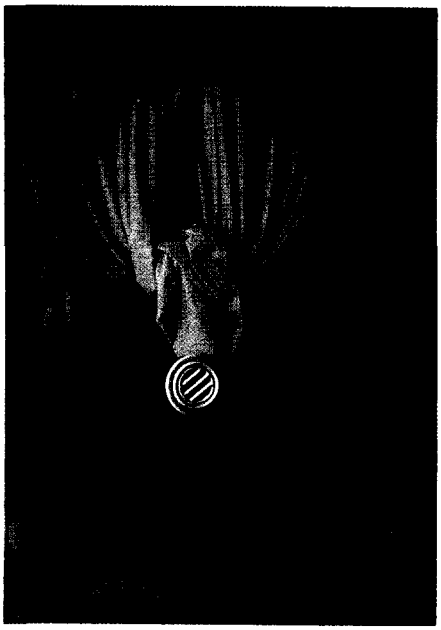
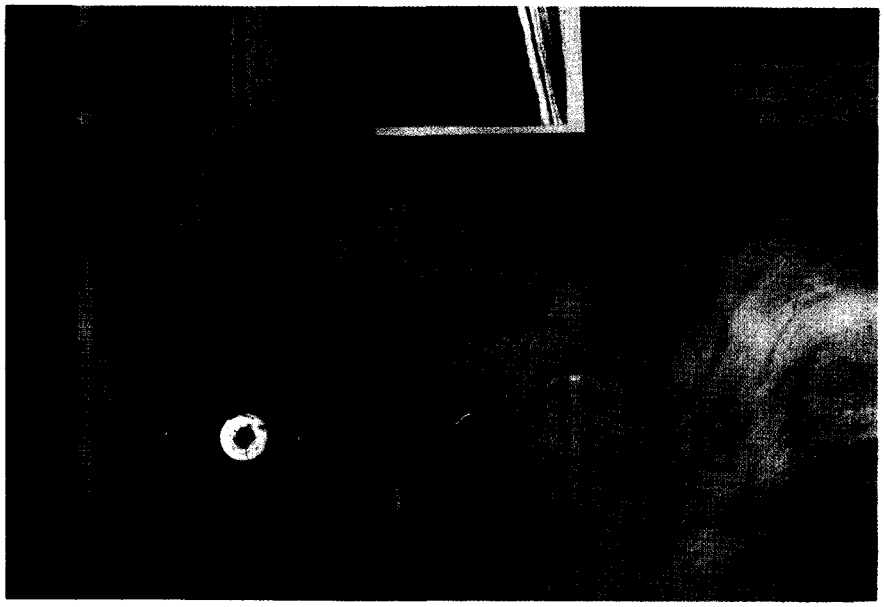
DEVELOPMENTS

A PHOTOGRAPHER'S VISION







FRED BERMAN

Fred Berman's work has been called "hit-and-run street photography." Built on color, light, and oddly mixed double images, his photographs illuminate random moments in the life of a city. For the 58-year-old Berman, that city is Milwaukee, where he has worked and taught since 1949. His photographs have been seen in over 100 major exhibitions both in this country and in Europe.

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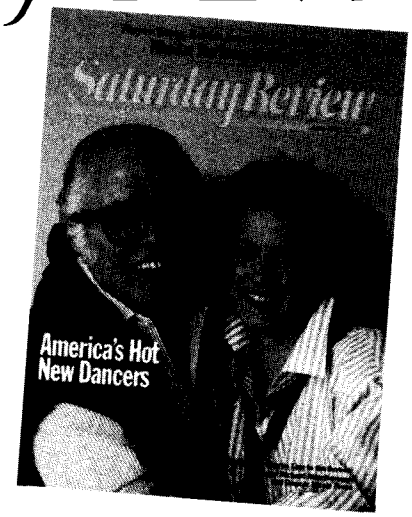
SATURDAY REVIEW.

ON THE CUTTING EDGE.



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MAKE LOVE . . .

In the last 39 years, no American museum has honored the late Marc Chagall with a major show. Now a mammoth retrospective of his work is being mounted at the Philadelphia Museum of Art beginning May 12 that will include stained-glass windows theater backdrops, and 200 paintings.

Throughout his life, Chagall dealt with a wide range of emotions in his work, from the gaiety of circus life to violent images of war. The Philadelphia showing will spotlight his Russian origins as well as the Jewish traditions that inspired his work.

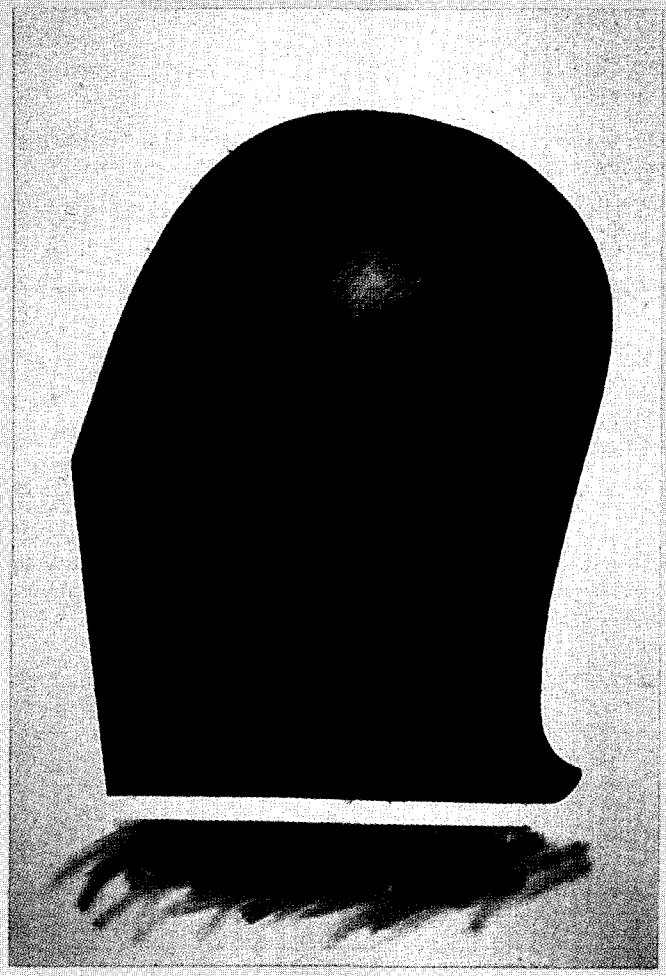
Twentieth-century Russian art and theater design specialist Susan Compton has compiled a colorful and highly detailed 250-page book, published by Weidenfeld and Nicolson, of all the works included in the exhibition.

RICHARD S. ZEISLER COLLECTION, N.Y.

Marc Chagall's Lovers in the Lilacs *(1930)*

NOT WAR

This charcoal, pastel, and crayon image by Francesc Torres entitled *War Head* is part of a touring exhibition entitled "Disarming Images: Art for Nuclear Disarmament." Originated by the Art Museum Association of America, the works of such artists as Laurie Anderson, Claes Oldenburg, Red Grooms, and Robert Rauschenberg will be on display in ten U.S. cities until November 1986.



DESTINATIONS

BEST IN THE WEST

Andrew Harper has a great job. Every year he travels the world seeking out its most peaceful and unspoiled lodging places and files the results of this exhaustive survey in his newsletter, the *Hideaway Report.* (How many publications do you know of that actually list Villas of the Year?) Even to be under Harper's consideration an inn or resort must be "relatively intimate in size, and located in extraordinarily peaceful and aesthetic surroundings." But even that might not be enough for it to be included in the connoisseur's guide. It must also make an "intangible summary impression that instinctively separates the good from the truly enchanting," what Harper calls the "Q factor."

According to the report, the best new hideaway is Tranquillity Lodge in northwestern Montana. Open all year, the lodge has eight guest quarters, a fireplaced living room, indoor pool, sauna, Jacuzzi, and terraces that look out over snowcapped mountains. Picnic tours are given of nearby Glacier National Park in the event you tire of fishing, skiing, hiking, and sleigh rides. Great home cooking, too. Prices start at $150 for a single, and the entire lodge can be rented for $1,400 for a party of 16. For information call (406) 754-2246.

OPERA ON THE LAKE

It isn't summer at Lake George until the sounds of arias echo across New York State's Adirondack Mountains. This July 13, the Lake George Opera Festival continues its 24-year tradition.

Opening the season will be

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an English language version of Gounod's *Romeo and Juliet* with tenor James Schwisow and soprano Jennifer Ringo in the leading roles. That will be followed by Donizetti's comedy *The Daughter of the Regiment* beginning on July 27 and running through the month of August.

Two world premieres open at the Queensbury Festival Auditorium on August 10 and run as a double bill until the 20th. First is *The Lady of Seduction*, with music and libretto by Richard Weargo. The second is an operatic interpretation of Anton Chekhov's *The Music Shop*, the story of an absent-minded man's fears of reprisal from his Brunhilde-like wife.

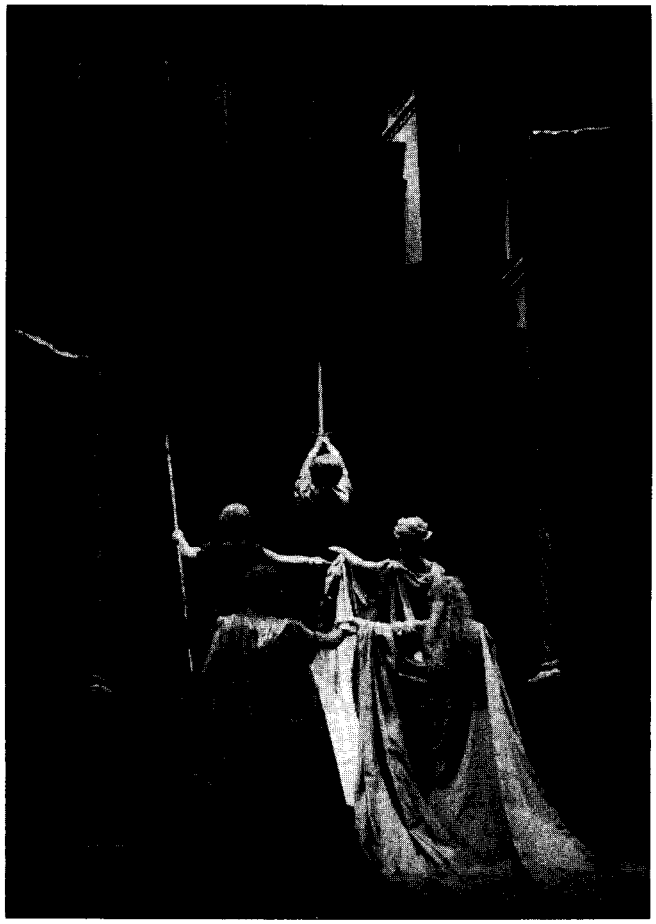
Singers from the mainstage productions will also entertain on deck when the 400-person-capacity *Mohican* sets sail at 7:30 p.m. on four consecutive Sundays from July 14 to August 4. But expect something of a different musical fare. Yes, there will be opera and operetta excerpts, but also a number of old favorites from popular musicals. Tickets for the two-hour cruise are $13 and include champagne. The sunset is free.

For information write: The Lake George Opera Festival, P.O. Box 425, Glenns Falls, N.Y. 12801, (518) 793-3858.

OTHER POINTS OF INTEREST

■ After a hundred years, small treasures can still be found among the furniture, paintings, and dusty objets d'art of Paris's Clignancourt flea market. This June a festival will mark the centennial of this open air sideshow on the city's northern edge where bargaining remains half the fun of buying.

■ Devotees of Evelyn Waugh's novel *Brideshead Revisited* will enjoy a 23-day tour called "Brideshead and Beyond" sponsored by Travel Time of Chicago. A group limited to 24 members will depart from New York on June 14 and return July 6. Along the way they will visit Oxford University, where Charles Ryder first met Sebastian Flyte at Christ Church; Castle Howard, where much of the series was filmed; and Venice—via the Orient Express—where Lord Marchmain withdrew when he left England. For information call: (800) 621-4725.



DAVID POWERS

SAN FRANCISCO OPERA

Now this is Wagner as it was intended to be: dragons, giants, rainbow bridges, maidens swimming the Rhine, and cities collapsing in flames. It will all be part of the San Francisco Opera's special effects when a blockbuster production of the four-opera *Ring of the Nibelung* begins June 2 through the 23rd. Among the Wagnerian performers appearing in this hair-raising story are Helga Dernesch, Gwyneth Jones, Eva Marton, and Peter Hofman. The four operas make up one "cycle," which will be presented three times throughout the month.

WORD ON MADISON AVENUE

When Video Storyboards Inc. of New York asked 1,000 viewers to comment on the celebrities who currently pitch everything from beer to health spas on television these days, they came up with some interesting results: 40% thought personalities make commercials more memorable; 43% even thought the ads are more interesting. But half believe that celebrities are really only in it for the money.

The company, which has been monitoring famous face ads since 1982, also found that for some stars who appear, glory is fleeting. James Garner, Tom Selleck, and Patricia Neal vanished from the previous list of most trusted pitchmen. Victoria Principal fell in the top ten ratings over two years, as did Lorne Greene and Bob Hope. Convincing faces appearing for the first time, however, were Cliff Robertson, Linda Evans, and Dom DeLouise. Rodney Dangerfield saw a jump of four points in audience respect. And the toast of the trustworthy for a second time was Jell-O jamming Bill Cosby.

Cosby, who seems nearly unavoidable on TV these days, also placed first in the midyear performer "Q" ratings, according to Marketing Evaluations, a Port Washington, N.Y., marketing firm. ("Q" stands for the numerical quotient or ratio between simple viewer familiarity and how much they actually like a personality.) As ME's president, Steven Levitt, describes it, the rating "measures an individual's appeal, but most of all, audience enthusiasm. An established star can tell what his current image is, and an upcoming talent sees what their potential might be."

And ever watchful, of course, are advertisers. A high "Q" can be a factor in determining a star's advertising future, but Levitt cautions that "chemistry" with a product is just as important. (Scowly John Houseman didn't sell many Big Macs.) This year, Michael Jackson's "Q" dropped several points, but Bill Murray, John McEnroe, and Lee Iacocca all rose. In the sports category, Olympians Mary Lou Retton and Carl Lewis scored big along with quarterbacks Joe Montana and Joe Theismann.

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BRIEFINGS

ENDCIRCUS

Although Chekhov often disagreed with Stanislavski's productions of his plays at the Moscow Art Theatre, he never threatened to close a show and take the director to court. But in these litigious times, not even theatrical collaboration has escaped unscathed. On December 1, 1984, just hours before the opening night performance of the American Repertory Theatre's production of Samuel Beckett's *Endgame,* lawyers for Beckett and ART came to an agreement that would have startled even Chekhov and Stanislavski. The curtain went up only because ART agreed to include in its program an extraordinary statement by Beckett denouncing the production as "a complete parody of the play."

The Beckett skirmish comes at a time when the atmosphere for theatrical collaboration has become increasingly stormy. Only three weeks before the Beckett incident, Arthur Miller's agent enjoined the avant-garde Wooster Group from parodying sections of *The Crucible.* In their show, *LSD,* contemporary and Puritan costumes were used, and all the action took place behind what approximated a Senate hearing table, intensifying *The Crucible*'s parallels between the Salem and McCarthy witch hunts.

Last year the other dean of American playwrights, Edward Albee, attempted to stop a Dallas theater from casting four men to play the married couples in *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf.* And at about the same time, the Rodgers and Hammerstein Foundation refused to allow an extension of the run of a New York University undergraduate production of *South Pacific.* Stressing the darker implications of the musical, director Ann Bogart set it in a high tech hospital for the rehabilitation of Americans psychically damaged in Vietnam. *South Pacific* became the therapy, in this musical within a play, by which the vets relearned the rituals of American life.

The turbulence is likely to continue as a generation of radical directors produces revisionist interpretations of the classics—"deconstructions," in the latest literary parlance. They seek to infuse the classics with, in the words of *Endgame*'s director JoAnne Akalaitis, "the energy of contemporary reality." Says Robert Brustein, eminent critic and artistic director of ART: "Each age must develop its own interpretation of the great works. If it didn't we'd be dealing with waxworks."

The *Endgame* dispute arose when Barney Rossett, Beckett's theatrical agent and the president of Grove Press, heard that director Akalaitis had set the play in an underground subway station instead of the bare room specified by Beckett's stage directions. Rossett also objected to the casting of two black actors, an overture by Philip Glass, and even the number of ashcans on stage.

Beckett's denunciation comes in a year which has seen the deaths of his two most trusted interpretors, Alan Schneider and Roger Blin. The man who holds the American rights to *Endgame,* Jack Garfein, recently remounted Schneider's production of Beckett one-acts in London. Coincidentally, it was Garfein who accompanied a Grove Press editor to ART before he reported back to Rossett and Beckett. The struggle to succeed Schneider and Blin may well be a hidden agenda at the heart of the *Endgame* dispute.

But the most significant consequences might be legal ones. At most theaters, a playwright is entitled to approval over all production elements. Yet it is difficult, if not impossible, to defend the interests of an absent playwright. ART may have violated the letter of Beckett's text, but as most Boston critics noted, Akalaitis's post-apocalyptic production respected the spirit of the play and clearly fell within the longstanding tradition of directorial license. Even Martin Garbus, Grove Press's lawyer, admits that "directors have traditionally exercised a great deal of freedom in interpreting plays," and that "a play represents a composite art form," a collaboration. Insisting that every detail be adhered to slavishly would seem to threaten the whole idea of collaboration, discouraging the more creative theater artists from producing said plays. The licensing agreement for Beckett's plays now demands that no changes whatsoever be made to the script. But how is the length of an actor's pause or the meaning of a gesture to be enforced? Will future directors be required to have law degrees? Will authors hire an art police? Or will Beckett, the theatrical innovator, be relegated to the museum of theatrical history. —*Michael Bloom*

RICHARD FELDMAN

Ben Halley Jr. and John Bottoms in JoAnne Akalaitas's production of Samuel Beckett's Endgame.

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BRIEFINGS

Poland's Lady Pank

IRON CURTAIN ROCK

The dollar's unprecedented strength against the world's major currencies has led to an avalanche of unusual import products. When the U.S. starts importing rock and roll from all over the globe, you know something weird is happening. Later this year the first rock bands from Eastern Europe will attempt to crack the U.S. market. The Phudys, an East German group, have made arrangements for an American tour. During the fifteen years of that band's existence, the East German government (which once claimed rock and roll was preparing youth for "a nuclear grave") has gone from threatening the band with imprisonment for Western influences to realizing that the Phudys could rake in a few of those fat dollars for the DDR coffers.

Lady Pank, the first Polish rock band to tour the States, is even more serious. MCA Records has signed the group to a major deal that insures tour support, plenty of publicity, and the inevitable music video. The company held a lavish press reception at the UN Plaza Hotel to announce the signing earlier this year. The giddy Poles spoke very little English and used an interpreter, which led to a few bizarre exchanges. When asked how many bands were allowed to leave Poland, one member replied, "The question is, how many will come back?"

—John Swenson

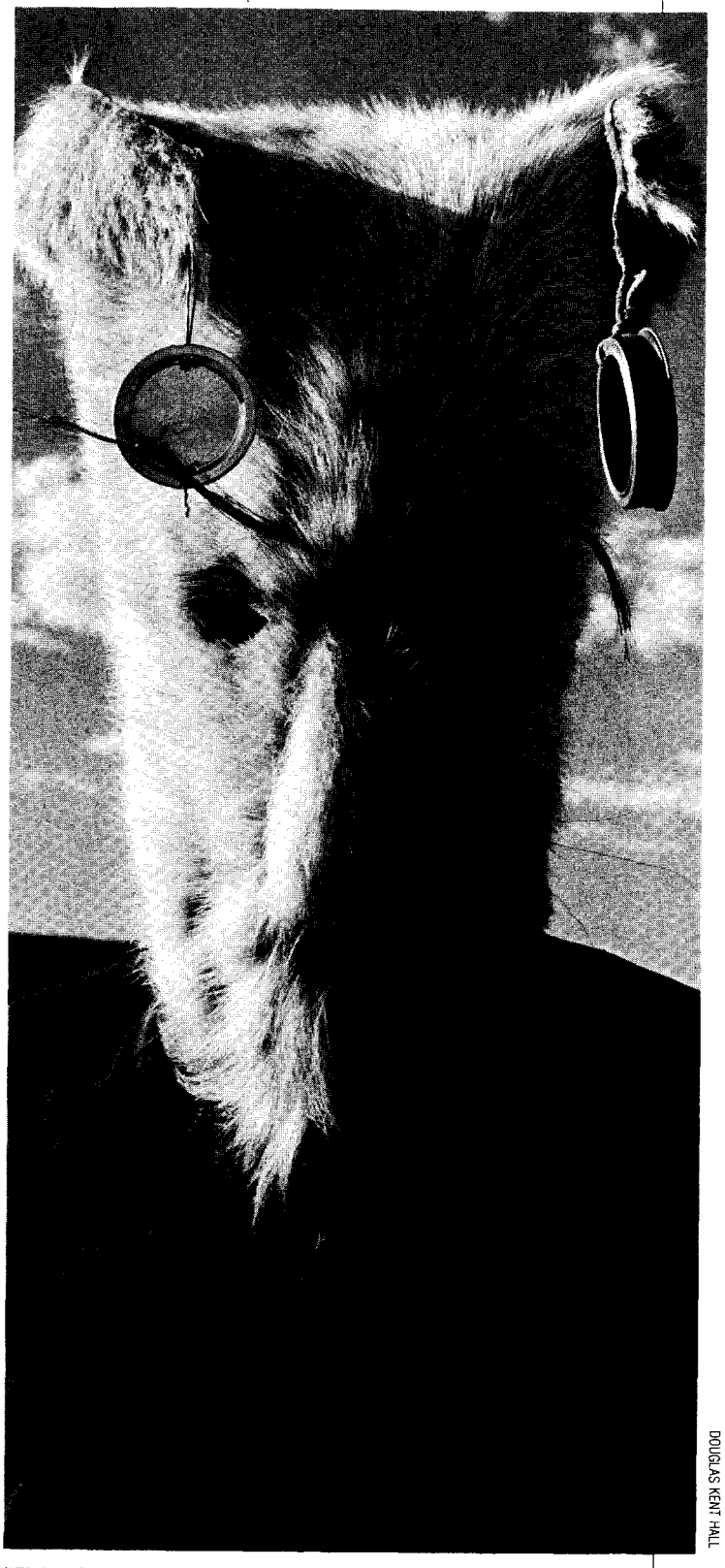
THE FACE IS FAMILIAR

The Matachines dance is still performed in some of New Mexico's Indian pueblos and Hispanic villages.

The dancers wear human or animal masks, often embellished with Christian symbols, beads, and spangles. In the dance, a dancer representing an animal such as a bull, a dragon, or a lion is symbolically killed, fed in mime to the dancers, the spectators, or both, and then revives to flee the scene.

It has been argued that the Matachines dance signifies the seasonal battle of natural forces, a religious rite of good against evil, a pagan fertility rite, a comic bullfight, or a farcical combat mime.

This photograph of a Matachines dancer, by D.K. Hall, is from a new show, "Three from Texas," that will open the new location of New York City's Segal Gallery at 568 Broadway, Suite 502. The show, which also features John Fincher's oil paintings and Bob "Daddy-O" Wade's wildness (he is the creator of the 40-foot iguana atop the Lone Star Cafe on lower Fifth Avenue), runs from June 1 through July 11.



DOUGLAS KENT HALL

"El Avuelo"

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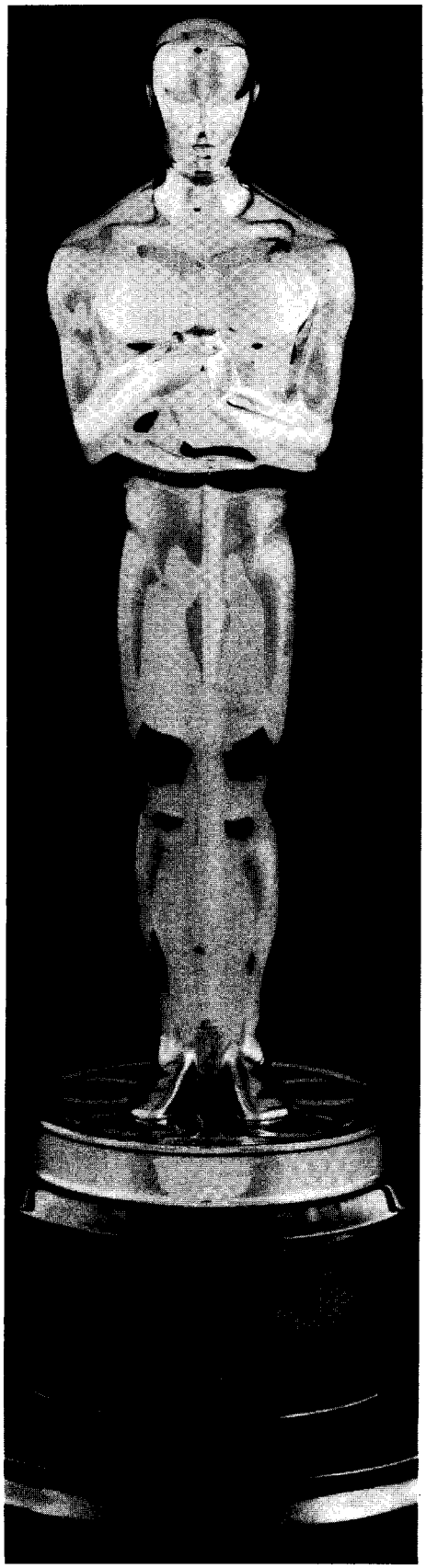

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Saturday Review

TO OUR READERS:

Several of the winners at the recent Academy Awards ceremony, including Best Director Milos Forman and producer Saul Zaentz paid tribute to Twyla Tharp's contributions to the film of *Amadeus*. This is the only way the choreographer could be honored because of a long-standing oversight in the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences' awards system.

Despite the enormously important role dance has played in American cinema, there is no Academy Award given for Best Choreography.

Some of the great names in American movie history—including Robert Alton, Fred Astaire, George Balanchine, Busby Berkeley, Jack Cole, Stanley Donen, Bob Fosse, Gene Kelly, Michael Kidd, and Hermes Pan—have created dance for films, but have never been recognized for this unique contribution.

We think this anomaly should be corrected. Therefore, *Saturday Review* is launching a national campaign to encourage the Academy to institute a new category for Best Choreography.

Ultimately, all decisions concerning what Academy members see on their ballots are up to the Board of Governors. But the process begins with a petition to that body's Rules Committee. *Saturday Review* will enlist the support of leaders in the film industry and artists on both sides of the camera to bring this to the Committee's attention.

Just as importantly, we're also asking our readers to register their support by filling out the form below and returning it to me as soon as possible at: Saturday Review, 214 Massachusetts Ave., N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002.

This is a case of an idea whose time has come. We're confident that by next year's Academy Awards, the motion picture industry will be including in its honors process an art form that has done so much to enrich American film and American life.

Sincerely,

Frank Gannon
Editor

To the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences:
I strongly urge you to consider designating a separate Academy Award category to honor Best Choreography in films.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

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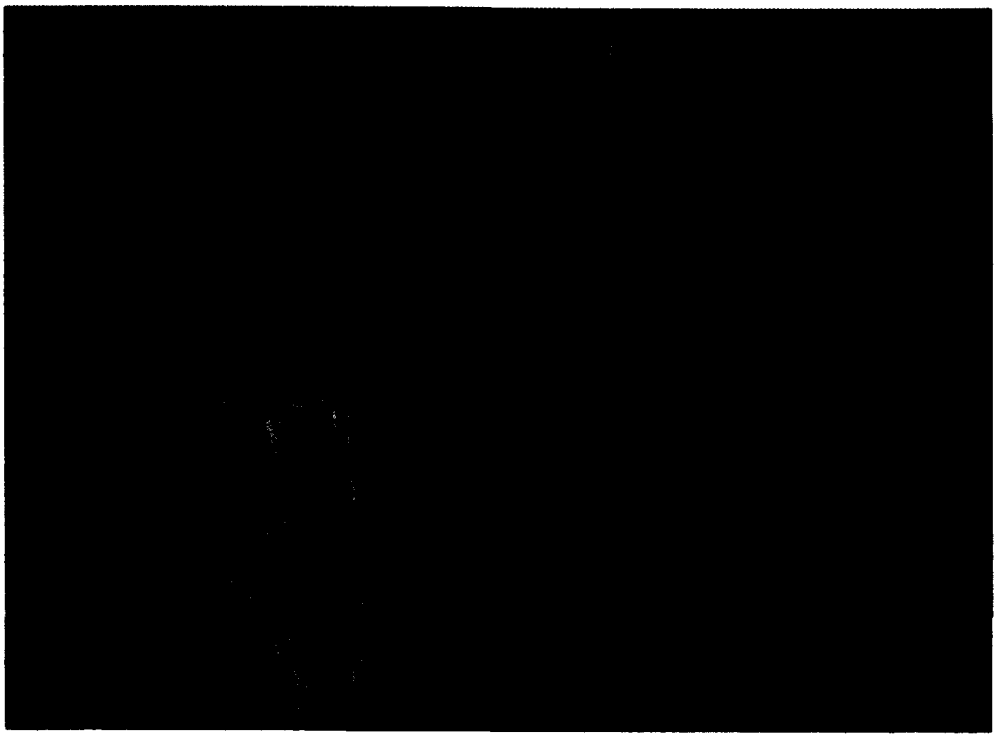
BRIEFINGS

THE NATURALIST

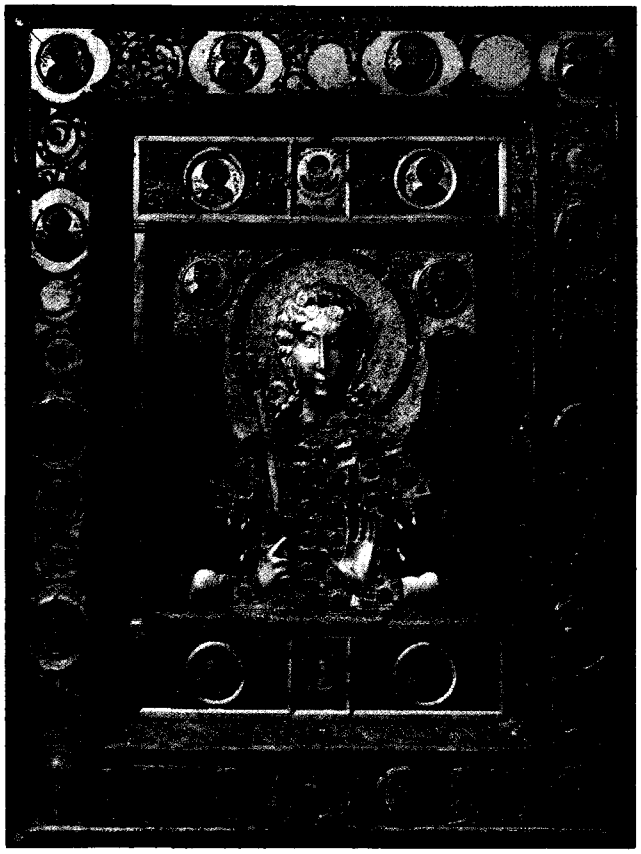
To commemorate the centennial of the death of 19th-century naturalist, artist, and explorer Titian Ramsay Peale, New York's American Museum of Natural History will host a collection of his work through July. Pictured here is Peale's *The Falls of "Wailua"* (1840). It is perhaps the first painting of a Hawaiian scene by a Western artist.



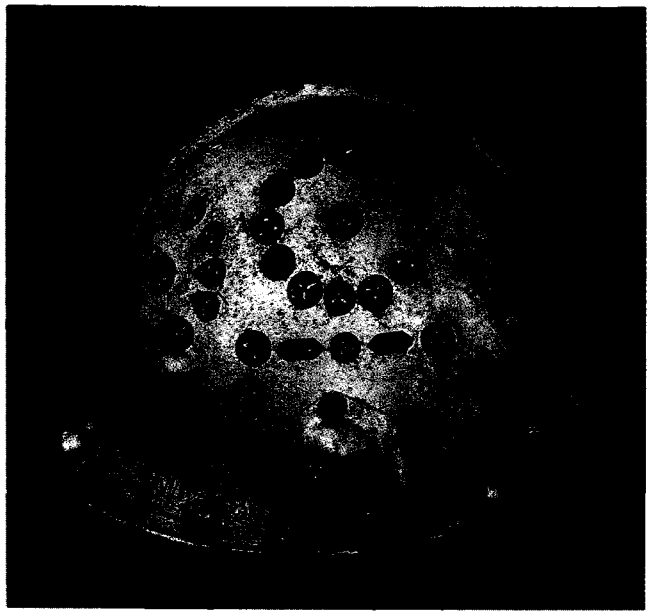
AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

RICH VENICE

More than 40 works from the treasury of the Basilica of San Marco in Venice will be on display at New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art until June 2. The works are mostly Byzantine in origin, but also include Roman, Islamic, and Western European objects. The exhibit is sponsored by the National Endowment for the Arts, Olivetti, and others.



THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, PHOTOGRAPH BY MARIO CARRIERI



THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, FROM THE LORD ASTOR OF HEVER COLLECTION

DEFENDING ISLAM EARLY

The Islamic Department of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York will host "The Bright Side of Battle: Symbol and Ceremony in Islamic Arms and Armor" through September 1. Intended to be used less for battle than for pageantry, the richly decorated assemblage of jeweled sabers, helmets, shields, and decorated daggers is drawn from the museum's own holdings and from private collections.

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A THOUSAND WORDS

A SELECTION OF PHOTOGRAPHS FROM RECENT BOOKS

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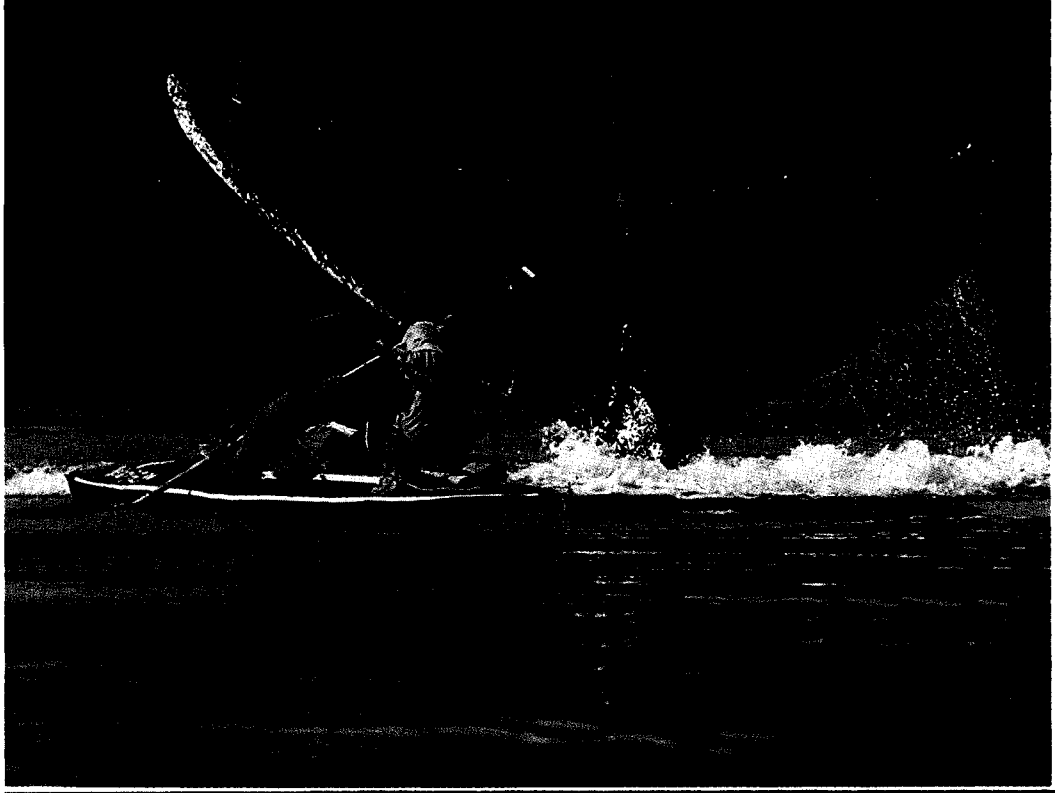
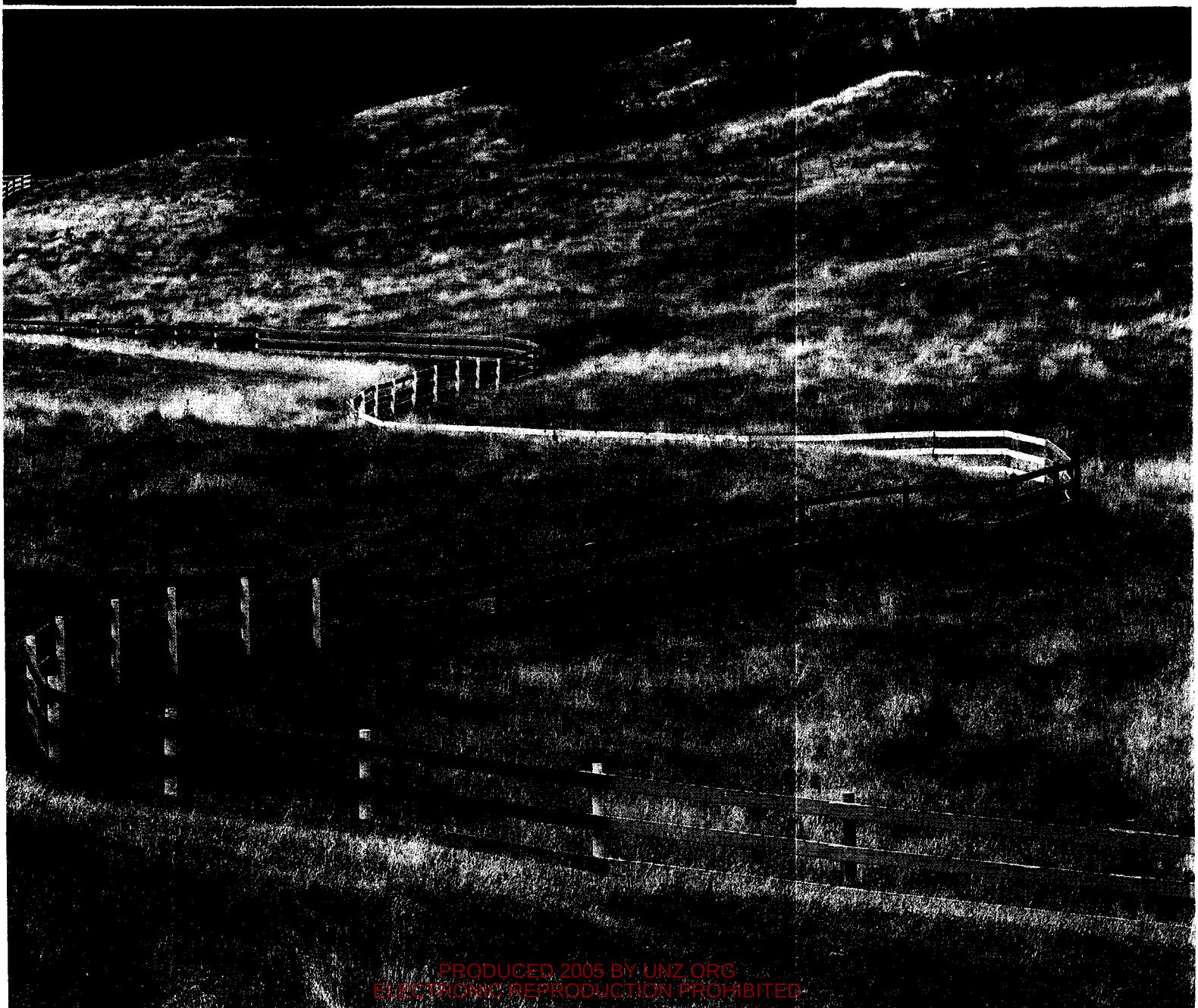


(Opposite, above left) Sharing a laugh with Edna Borzage and Red Skelton at the Hollywood Bowl (1943) from **Sinatra** *by John Rockwell, Random House, Rolling Stone Press, $29.95.*
(Opposite, above right) Prince Charles in Klosters from **On the Royal Road** *by Tim Graham, Little, Brown, $19.95.*
(Opposite, bottom left) The production of hashish from **Hashish** *by Suomi LaValle, Quartet Books, $39.95.*
(Opposite, bottom right) Dancers of Bhutan perform a danse macabre *from* **The World of Buddhism,** *edited by Heinz Bechert and Richard Gombrich, Facts on File Publications, $49.95.*
(Left) "The Whale" by Paul Chesley/Aspen from **European Photography 1985,** *edited by Edward Booth-Clibborn, Harry N. Abrams, Inc., $45.00.*
(Below) "Fences," from "Ranch," (1983) by Alan Wood in **Earthworks and Beyond,** *John Beardsley, Abbeville Modern Art Movements, $19.95, paper, $29.95, hardcover.*



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TOP OF MY HEAD

by Zan Thompson

FATHER'S DAY

EVEN NOW, I SEE THE HALF TURN OF A dark head, hear a voice like the sea on old stones, see a lift of a shoulder going into an elevator or in front of me through a turnstile at a game, and I am reminded of my father.

I hear Daddy singing in his sonorous courtroom voice as he went up the curving front hall stairs, "Am I a man or am I a mouse or am I Flanagan, the Lodger? I'd like to know who's the boss of this house. Me or Flanagan the Lodger."

May and June hold Flag Day, Mother's Day, weddings, the launching of meaningful relationships, bon voyage parties, commencements of all kinds, the opening of the barbecue season, and Father's Day. That last one is when I plait summer blossoms in my hair and give profound thanks for my sire.

My father was brave, gallant, in love with words, a champion of forlorn causes, quick-tempered, gentle, volatile, a carrier of tattered ensigns. I can hear my mother say to some quivering soul, "When Johnny calls you an unmitigated liar, he just means he disagrees with you."

And so he did. That's all he meant. But he saw no reason to allow conversation to burble along like slowly cooking oatmeal when it could just as well explode like skyrockets.

Daddy was a difficult man to argue with. Not that I argued, exactly, but he had taught me to be able to substantiate my statements. On many occasions, after fifteen minutes of trying to convince Daddy of the right on my side, I would run to the encyclopedia, open it, and show him the pertinent paragraph. The times that the encyclopedia agreed with me, Daddy said, "Elizabeth Ann, that was written by some ink-stained wretch in a dim room with small, high windows, and more than likely in the employ of an Englishman." Hard to rebut that. I never considered arguing further. Patricide, maybe, but not arguing further.

I like men and I do not think that they are just little boys grown tall. I think, thank God, that they are men, in spite of androgynous clothing, encounter groups, and parenting. A child does not need to be parented. He needs to be mothered and fathered. We have heard and read and been exposed to so much maundering about consciousness-raising, identity crises, and the true fulfillment of woman, it's as if men had no troubles. They do. They flunk out. They fail the bar, they get shin splints the day of the meet. And that's just when they're kids.

The boss's nephew gets the advancement, and they get Montana, Idaho, and the Dakotas.

I know a man who doesn't want to go to his law office one bit. He'd rather stalk a tiger in a Rousseau meadow or go around and let out all the bears.

Maybe he wants to climb Mount McKinley, go to the Antarctic for a year's expedition, make a marquetry table, or learn to be a rodeo rider instead of a computer programmer.

It is not only women who get all the points kicked off their stars. It is also men, because we are all in this together, reaching for the brass ring and often making a clear miss while the carousel grinds on.

On Father's Day, I hope your house is filled with love, laughter, coconut pie, and May wine. Let him have his favorite chair. Let him tell the one about the giraffe one more time. Make the kids listen while he tells about walking to school in the snow. He didn't but he thinks he did.

My father and, I'm sure, yours, fits E. M. Forster's "aristocracy of the sensitive, the considerate, and the plucky . . . they represent the true human tradition, the one permanent victory of our cruel race over cruelty and chaos."

Have a happy Father's Day and I don't know who's the boss of your house, but at my father's house, it sure God wasn't Flanagan the Lodger. SR

LOEL BARR

On Father's Day, I hope your house is filled with love, laughter, coconut pie, and May wine.

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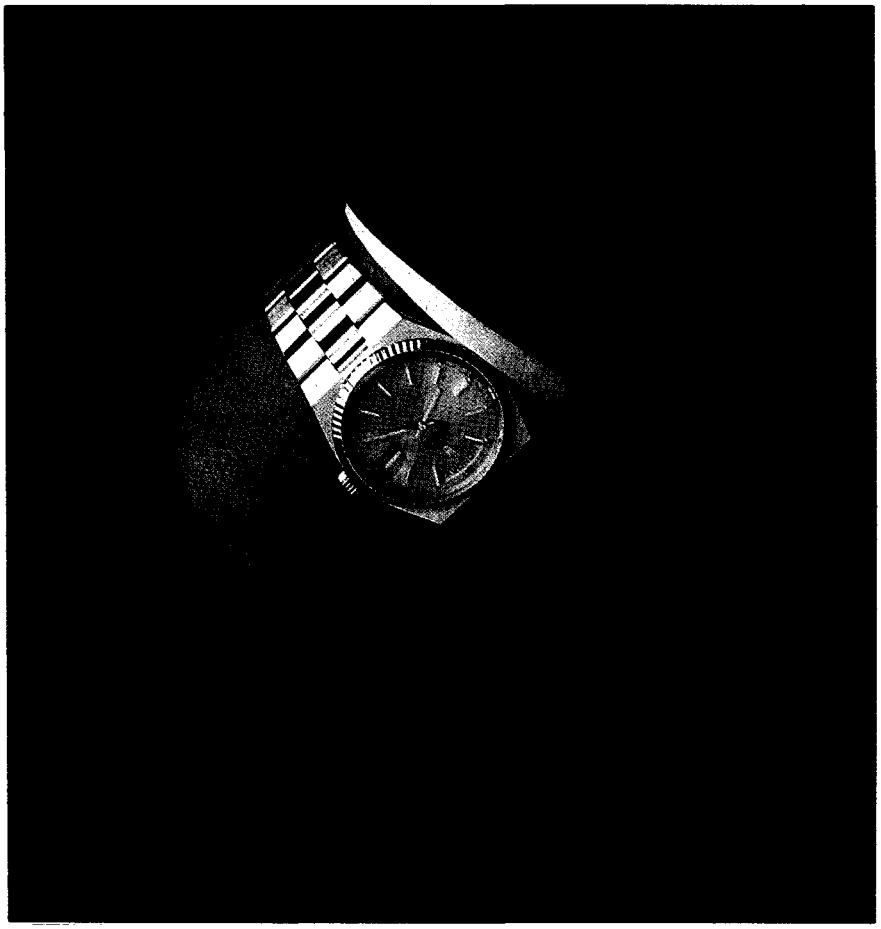
CLASSICS

by Melinda Franklin

WRISTWATCHING: A GUIDE TO THE VERY BEST OF MEN'S WATCHES



PHOTOGRAPHY BY LARRY CHAPMAN

COURTESY OF ROBERT S. WHITE

POWER TOOL

In an interview, Joe Thompson, editor of *Modern Jeweler*, described for us some of the reasons why the 18 kt. gold Rolex has become the ultimate status symbol in today's highly competitive watch market:

"Prestige is a good word to use when talking about Rolex. Of course, there's the flip side to that: snob appeal. There's no question that it's an exceptionally well-made watch, but that's not the reason so many people are willing to spend several thousand dollars to own one.

"Rolex has a very, very distinctive look. You can spot it from across a room. It's not chic or stylish, thin or elegant. Some people say it's even ugly, clunky, bulky, and its face is too busy.

"But consistency is the story behind Rolex. They took one great look and stayed with it.

"When you buy a Rolex you are buying into a club of superachievers. That's how Rolex has marketed itself throughout the years—especially in its early advertisements.

"Successful people do wear Rolex watches—for many of the reasons I've mentioned. It shows that you've 'arrived'—that you've 'made it.' "

Even Albert Einstein, who revolutionized our ideas of space and time (and wore a Patek Philippe), could not define time. Nobody can. We can waste time, or kill it, or save it, or serve it . . . or measure it.

And for the last sixty-odd years, we've been wearing time on our wrists.

With the advent of mass-produced electronic quartz mechanisms, you can now buy an incredibly accurate watch for less than $30. But many spend more. Much, much more.

This month's *SR Classics* takes a look at the past and present of men's wrist watches.

TIMELY CHOICES

Mechanical vs. Electronic

Mechanicals are the traditional "wind-up" watches. After the mainspring is manually wound, the spring gradually unwinds, and turns tiny interlocking wheels that move the watch hands to measure seconds, minutes, and hours. Automatic or self-winding watches accomplish this as the wearer moves his wrist; in fact, self-winding watches are generally more accurate than hand-wound watches.

Electronic watches are powered by batteries that send electronic impulses through a small bar of synthetic quartz crystal that vibrates more than 32,000 times per second. These vibrations are channeled through other watch parts to result in one impulse per second.

The smaller number of moving parts and the greater regularity made possible by using a battery instead of a spring make electronic watches more accurate.

Analog vs. Digital

These terms refer to the way time is displayed on the dial. Analog simply refers to a watch with traditional time-telling "hands." All mechanical watches are analogs.

Digital watches display the time with "digits"—numerals—instead of hands. All digital watches are electronic.

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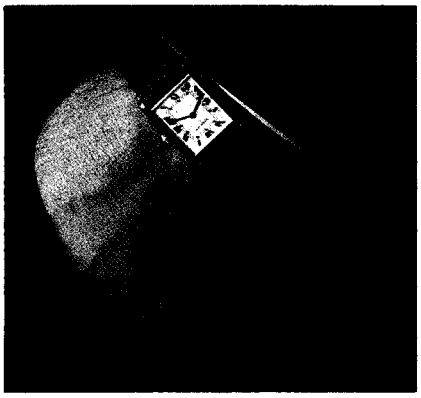
TIME PAST

No one knows exactly when the first wristwatch was made. The concept has been around for a long time. Elizabeth I of England is said to have owned one. Patek Philippe was actually making limited numbers of them by the end of the eighteenth century. Around 1880 Girard-Perregaux won an order for wrist watches from the German Imperial Navy: small movements with gold curb-chain bracelets. But it was still an idea ahead of its time, and attempts to sell wrist watches in other markets were unsuccessful.

When America entered World War I, the artillery gunners needed to be able to



COURTESY OF CARTIER BOUTIQUE, WASHINGTON, D.C.

calculate the time and operate the guns simultaneously. The Waterbury Clock Company of Waterbury, Connecticut, met this need by putting small nurse's watches on straps.

About the same time, the French jeweler Louis Cartier created eighty-four wrist watches for the members of the American Tank Corps in appreciation for their efforts in the defense of Europe. When this classic "Tank" watch design was reintroduced by Cartier in the early 1970s, it was widely credited with triggering the mass-market demand for designer watches.

INTERVIEW WITH HENRY B. FRIED

Dean of American Watchmakers

Q. What's the best watch in the world?

A. Well, that's a question that really can't be answered. But in my opinion, the best is the Patek Philippe. They recruit craftsmen as one recruits professional athletes. Each part of the watch is finished to a point where it simply cannot be improved upon.

For example, the screws in the watch, which you cannot see by merely looking at the watch on someone's wrist, are absolutely beautiful screws. The same goes for the wheels, springs, and levers. They are both pleasurable to the eye and excellent performers.

There are other watches that rank close to the Patek Philippe. The Vacheron-Constantin, the Audemars-Piguet, and the Piaget are also very fine watches. And then there is the Breguet watch, which is a story in itself.

Q. How so?

A. Well, Breguet was a fantastically interesting man. He was the da Vinci of watchmakers. He was a genius and the ultimate artisan. The name of his watch was "dropped" throughout literature, even in Dickens. Jefferson, Adams, and Franklin would drop by his shop just to talk with him. His name was synonymous with quality and prestige in his day. People wore a Breguet to show that they were prestigious.

Q. Hasn't the digital watch replaced the mechanical watch in terms of accuracy of time-telling?

A. There's no question that even though the very best mechanical watches keep very, very good time, they're still not as good as a high-quality digital watch.

But the digitals are a different breed of cat. It's an entirely different conception.

COURTESY OF BREGUET

Pushkin and other writers mentioned Breguet watches in their works. Sir Winston Churchill inherited one from his father. Each Breguet is individually numbered on its face; the circles on the hands are another distinctive feature.

Nothing moves except the electrons (and the numbers on the screen). The mechanical watch has wheels and things that move. You can *see* the watch working. This isn't true for the digital watch. The naked eye cannot see the electrons move.

Q. Then why should anyone buy a hand-wound watch if the digital watches are so much better at keeping time?

A. A discriminating person will buy a mechanical watch—someone who wants to please himself, someone who wants to buy a work of art. It is this type of person who would rather retain some of the old-world artisan finesse, which is not seen in a solid state watch. In a solid-state watch the dynamics cannot be discerned by the eye.

MARTINA NAVRATILOVA AND JOHNNY CASH: UPI/BETTMAN NEWSPHOTOS; MEL BLANC © WARNER BROS.

Bill Blass	Calvin Klein	George Bush	Martina Navratilova	John Glenn	Mel Blanc	Johnny Cash
Cartier	*Rolex*	*Timex*	*Tourneau*	*Omega*	*Patek Philippe*	*Patek Philippe*

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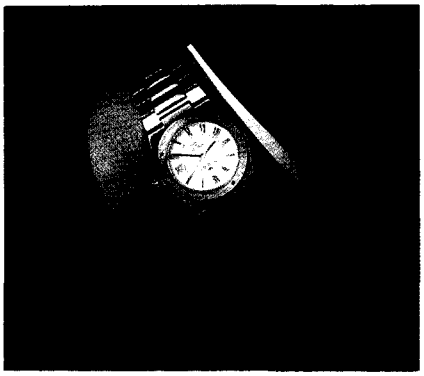
THE INTERNATIONAL WATCH COMPANY (IWC)



Behind this rather prosaic name and its nondescript initials lies one of the world's most important watchmakers. Because it does almost no advertising, it is practically unknown in America, which is ironic, because it was founded in 1868 by an American.

Among the historical personages who have worn IWC watches are Czar Ferdinand I of Bulgaria, C. G. Jung, Pope Pius XI, and John Fairchild.

LONGINES

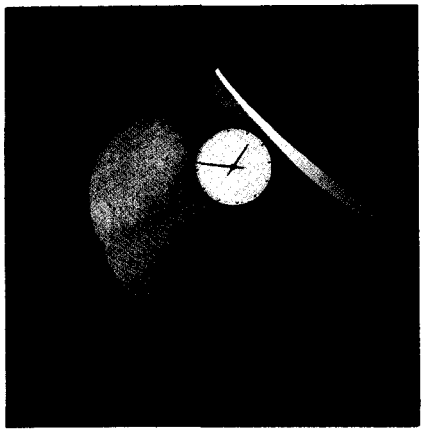
When the Longines Watch Factory opened in Switzerland in 1867, it was a wonder of modern technology: for the first time, watches were manufactured by mechanical processes under one roof. Previously, the watchmakers had worked at home, assembling parts supplied by the *établisseurs* who employed them. Thus watchmaking ceased to be a cottage industry and entered the modern age.

Because of their reputation for reliability, Longines watches became the favorites of many aviators, navigators, and explorers.

Admiral Richard Byrd used Longines watches and apparatus on his various expeditions to the North and South Poles. And Charles Lindbergh made his famous trans-Atlantic flight wearing a Longines fifth-of-a-second watch indicating the horary angles.

Amelia Earhart, Wiley Post, and Howard Hughes all used Longines watches. So did H. von Schiller, pilot and captain of the *Graf Zeppelin*, during its world tour in 1929.

Last year the Longines-Wittnauer Watch Company introduced what it calls the most accurate watch in the world: the Conquest VHP (Very High Precision) quartz watch, which is accurate to plus or minus one minute in five years.



MUSEUM PIECE: *The only watches in the collection of the Museum of Modern Art are designed by Henning Koppen for Georg Jensen of Denmark.*

SEIKO'S SEARCH FOR EXCELLENCE

In the late 1950s a company called Okies Corporation opened a small trading office in New York. The firm's headquarters weren't in Oklahoma, as the name might (and was meant to) imply, but in Tokyo. Okies is Seiko spelled backwards. The company apparently Americanized its name in order to minimize any lingering resistance to Japanese products stemming from World War II, and because the general perception of the quality of products "Made in Japan" was still low. Okies mainly sold watch movements and components to American companies like Elgin, and private-label department stores.

The company finally reversed its spelling and became Seiko in 1962, but it wasn't until 1967, when Hideaki Moriya arrived to take over the operation, that Seiko began to make marketing history.

Moriya made two revolutionary decisions. First, he decided to set up a unique distribution system. Second, he decided to advertise Seiko watches on TV.

Moriya invited some of Seiko's best wholesalers to become exclusive regional distributors. They had to set up separate companies with their own management, sales forces, and capital. Thus, in one move, Moriya eliminated the inefficiency, mediocrity, and competition that usually hampered other companies' distribution.

Moriya's TV-marketing approach was also a dramatic departure from conventional wisdom. It was unheard of for a small watch company to use anything but print advertising. But Seiko started running thirty-second commercials with "tags" at the end to identify the jewelers carrying Seiko in the areas where the commercials ran. Soon Seiko TV ads were running in eighty percent of the country and Seiko watches started selling like hot cakes. The "pull strategy" of heavy consumer advertising to create demand had worked.

In 1969 Seiko introduced the world's first electronic quartz watch and established an early dominance in this important new market.

It was just about this time that the waves of Vietnam vets began returning home wearing the Seiko watches they had purchased in Army PXs in Southeast Asia. The watches had proved their value, accuracy, and durability in combat, and the brand name was thus established with a large part of the watch-buying market.

Another reason for Seiko's success was the decision not to join the rush to manufacture the highly popular LED (Light Emitting Diode) watches. Seiko technicians predicted the LED mechanism would be technically unreliable, and while many major watch companies sank enormous amounts of money into manufacturing LEDs, Seiko concentrated on making liquid crystal display (LCD) watches instead.

The LED craze quickly passed, and much of the American watch industry suffered severe losses. By the time the crash was over, in 1978, Seiko had emerged as the dominant brand in the middle-range American watch market.

Seiko is now trying to enter the upper-range watch market dominated by the venerable Swiss companies.

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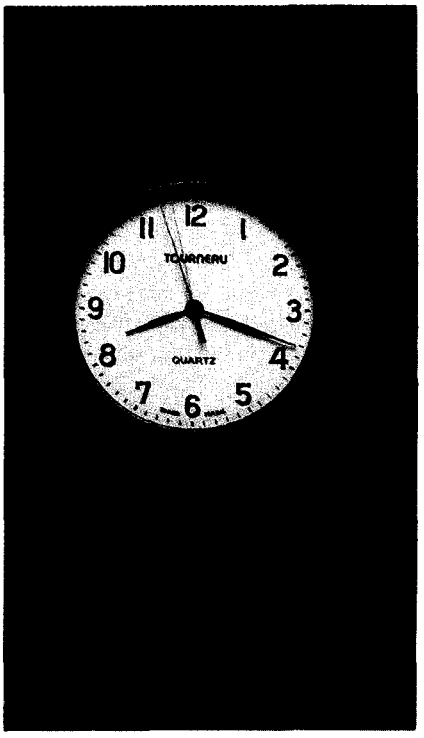
CLASSICS

Fine, skeletonized, Swiss quarter-repeating gold pocket watch with "Jaquemarts" figure automation, signed "Courvoisier, La Chaux-de-Fonds," circa 1810. Available at Chronometrie Beyer's of Zurich, the oldest watch store in Switzerland, celebrating its 225th anniversary this year. 38,000 Swiss francs. (01) 221-1080.

Alex Streeter, a creative New York City jewelry, belt, and watch designer, calls this piece "Timeless Elegance" and describes it as "eternally timeless . . . true status for the casual professional." Each watch is signed and dated on the back by the artist and is available in gold, silver, or brass with a lizard band. Comes with a lifetime guarantee on all moving parts. From $40. By Alex Streeter, New York City, 212-925-6496.

The Tide Timer tracks the hours between high and low tides. Perfect for weekend sailors, clammers, and beachcombers. $40. From Louis Schelling, Newton, N.J. 201-383-8467. Also available are Luna Time Clocks and Solar Luna Clocks.



Tourneau's "High Tech" men's watch has an anodized stainless steel case, mineral crystal, and deerskin strap, and is available in a water-resistant model. $150. Available at Tourneau Corner, New York City, 212-758-3265.

The "Kit Cat" animated wall clock features rolling eyes and a wagging tail. Other styles include French poodles, panda bears, and owls. From $30. The California Clock Co., San Juan Capistrano, CA, 714-493-4552.

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ON OUR TOES

The Revolution in American Dance

BY FRANK GANNON

It seems unlikely that, for all their wisdom, the founding fathers ever imagined that flashdancing would turn out to be the ultimate instrument for establishing democracy in America.

But dance has become the great leveler, the truly democratic art form. After all, not everyone can play an instrument; and there are some people who just can't carry a tune. But everyone on God's green earth can shake their booties to the beat.

A fundamental social and cultural change has taken place over the last few years: dance has introduced the mainstream of white, middle-class Americans to their own bodies. Earlier social movements simmered away beneath the surface for centuries before finally erupting. But as befits a society that measures itself by media, these recent changes have taken place in public, on the silver screen.

The extent of the changes, and their effects on our outlook and behavior, is enormous—even revolutionary.

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TWENTY YEARS AGO DANCE MOSTLY BElonged to Culture with a capital C. In the early 1960s, if a guy was a great dancer he was either black or a sissy.

Then Rudolf Nureyev jetéd into a glamorous partnership with Margot Fonteyn. Mikhail Baryshnikov's liaison with Jessica Lange was widely known when he convincingly played a lady-killer in Herb Ross's pivotal *The Turning Point.* Alexander Godunov has recently been barechested on the cover of a national magazine with his longtime live-in, Jacqueline Bisset.

In the realm of popular dance, the change has been even more dramatic. By the mid-1960s, the ineffable elegance of Fred Astaire and the good-guy romanticism of Gene Kelly were already relics of a distant past. Twenty years ago, as Michael Peters puts it, no one knew what choreography was. "It sounded like some kind of communicable disease. Today, six-year-olds come up to me in the street and say, 'Hey, aren't you the guy who choreographs Michael Jackson's videos?' "

Every great journey begins with a single step, and the first major national consciousness-raising about popular dance came in 1975, when Michael Bennett's *A Chorus Line* opened on Broadway. It won every award in sight, and ten years later it is still going strong as the longest-running show in American history.

There may be some natives of the Trobriand Islands who don't know what *A Chorus Line* is about; how it depicts the often cruel competition among young dancers for jobs in a Broadway musical. In the course of tryouts and rehearsals, they bare their souls by telling the stories of their lives.

In his 1976 essay "The Me Decade and the Third Great Awakening," Tom Wolfe wrote perceptively about the "unprecedented post-World War II American luxury . . . of dwelling upon the self" that reached its peak in the late 1960s and early 1970s. The encounter group/commune/cult/self-improvement milieu that Wolfe dissected was essentially an upper-middle-class phenomenon. It wasn't until the late '70s that the "me decade" ethos had trickled down and felt comfortable wearing a blue collar. When it did, there was a movie there to mark the moment.

In the spring of 1977 John Travolta put on a white suit and strutted into American social history.

MARTHA SWOPE

Donna McKechnie's mirror dance was a showstopper in A Chorus Line.

Strutting into social history: John Travolta in Saturday Night Fever.

Saturday Night Fever was more than a success. It was a national phenomenon. *Time* made it a cover story. The Bee Gees' soundtrack was inescapable for most of the year. Suddenly dancing was in. Dancing was cool. Dancing was macho. Dancing was attitude.

But the real, revolutionary change represented by *Saturday Night Fever* was that for the first time in the modern media age, a dancer was a role model for males and a sex symbol for females.

Fame (1980) carried the dance message of *Saturday Night Fever* into more universally recognizable adolescent terrain: a rock'n'roll high school attended by a student body of the ethnic stereotypes usually reserved for World War II bomber movies.

In 1981 MTV came on the air and brought the dance revolution out of the cinemas and discos and into the living rooms of America. It also gave birth to a dance-based aesthetic that combined camp, class, violence, hype, occultism, misogyny, energy, glitz, androgyny, and romanticism. MTV was perfectly geared and carefully honed to the foreshortened attention span and frame of reference of its average viewer's age—which is the age of the average record buyer—which is the age of the average moviegoer.

It was the existence of MTV that made the phenomenal success of Michael Jackson's 1982 *Thriller* album possible. Kids of both sexes wanted to grow up to be Michael Jackson, whose moonwalking was better known and more admired than Neil Armstrong's.

The premise behind 1983's *Flashdance,* the next blockbuster dance movie, has aptly been described as moronic. Alex, a gorgeous and stylish young woman, pursues her dreams of a ballet career while working as a welder in her native Pittsburgh.

Hardly any cliché is left untouched. Alex is a sensitive maverick who, on her welder's pay, maintains the perfect apartment, the perfect wardrobe, the perfect dog, and the perfect body. She ends up snaring her handsome young boss on her own terms. *Flashdance* (the meaningless word was coined for, and never explained in, the film) is an adolescent moist dream with a good score and wonderful dancing.

The movie is important because of the

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role that dance plays in it. Pittsburgh is the pits, and for Alex, dancing represents the way out of her dead end. If she can master the force of the dance, she can rise above and beyond her no-hope background.

In *Footloose*, last year's big dance movie, a high school senior moves from Chicago to a small midwestern town where a local Moral Majority-type preacher has succeeded in getting the town council to outlaw dancing after some youngsters got tipsy at the hop and ran their truck off a bridge.

Footloose goes the next step and makes dance a political statement. For Alex in Pittsburgh, it was an assertion of individuality; for Ren in Oklahoma, it's an assertion of personal freedom.

The interest in dance shows no signs of slackening, with films like *Breakin'* and its sequel *Breakin' 2: Electric Boogaloo*, *Beat Street*, Sidney Poitier's *Fast Forward*, Gene Kelly's *That's Dancing*, and *Cotton Club*.

Twyla Tharp, whose choreographic concepts graced the film of *Amadeus*, will provide the dances for Taylor Hackford's new film *White Nights*, starring Baryshnikov and Gregory Hines.

On the stage, *A Chorus Line* is going strong. So is *The Tap Dance Kid*, *42nd Street*, and *Cats*. Bob Fosse is preparing a new touring company of *Dancin'*, and New York City Ballet director Peter Martins is getting ready to make his Broadway debut as choreographer of Andrew Lloyd Webber's London hit *Song and Dance*.

But the big dance event of 1985 is going to be the film of *A Chorus Line*.

Its choreographer is Jeffrey Hornaday, the brilliant youngster who made *Flashdance* take flight.

"We have great dancers today," he says. "And it's heartbreaking to know people who are as good as Cyd Charisse and Gene Kelly are out starving in the streets. The problem is that there isn't a consistent arena in which they can be seen. There'll be a *Flashdance* that will make $150 million and then there'll be five pieces of shit which will make nothing. So the studios say, 'Musicals aren't making money,' and won't make any for five years. So I hope to God that *Chorus Line* will succeed and will establish in the eyes of financiers and studios that musicals can be a serious filmmaking forum that doesn't just deal with trends in order to get a soundtrack. Then we can have five or six or seven years of making serious musicals in which the Chuck McGowans and Michelle Rudys and Marine Jahans can work consistently."

The director of the filmed *Chorus Line* is Richard Attenborough, in his first outing since he won the Academy Award for directing *Gandhi*. He doesn't feel daunted at the thought of following in Michael Bennett's young but hallowed footsteps.

"Bennett's concept is, quite simply, a thing of genius," he says. "That remains untouched. But things change, and I didn't feel we could just film a piece of theater born in 1974. It must be something relevant to 1985. Movies are for people around the age of twenty-four. You have got to address yourself to that group and say, 'Does it have something to say, and does it have appeal?' Dancers are now the heroes, the cult figures, so if we can convey the reality of their lives today we have a good chance of coming through."

Changed attitudes regarding sex, relationships, religion, and personal goals have been incorporated into the new screenplay, and Attenborough sees his young dancers as representing "a magnified microcosm" of young people in general.

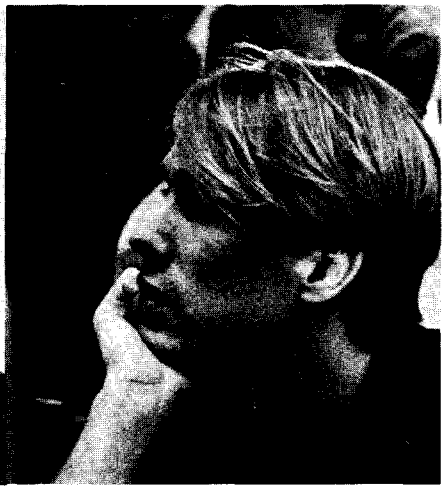
"*A Chorus Line* is about the concerns, and even despairs, in certain circumstances, of young people today because of their inability to be sure of any sort of future. Look at unemployment. It's shockingly high, and the highest percentage of it is among the young. Without putting too much weight on it or overemphasizing the social content of it, I think *Chorus Line* will appeal to young people because it deals with the things they are experiencing: emotions, relationships, ego, embarrassment, feelings of inadequacy, overconfidence. It's about all the things that are in everybody's life, but are heightened in a dancer's life."

The film, which finished shooting in March and will open in December, won't be a grim post-industrial tract. While dealing with reality more directly than its fairy-tale predecessors in the dance film genre, it will share their sense of optimism.

"That goes back to Michael Bennett," says Attenborough. "What he did was say, 'Look, what an extraordinary breed these dancers are. They're funny, they're moving, they're touching, and you come out of it feeling on top of the world because somehow or other they manage to cope with the situation." ■

Michael Bennett: A Chorus Line *was his conception.*

Lynne Taylor-Corbett: the Footloose *choreographer was an Alvin Ailey dancer.*



Jeffrey Hornaday's sizzling choreography for Flashdance *landed him the* A Chorus Line *job.*

ALAN PAPPE © EMBASSY PICTURES 1984

MARTHA SWOPE

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A SINGULAR SENSATION

NICOLE FOSSE DOESN'T REMEMBER HER stage debut at the age of four or five—but her mother tells the story with relish. It was a dancing school recital, and Nicole had a solo to perform right at the footlights. She made her entrance, took her place, turned her back to the audience, and began to cry. And she stayed there, crying, for the rest of the performance.

Her mother was beside herself. "I rushed out and called my analyst and said, 'Where did I go wrong?' His advice was just to act normally and not let Nicole know I was upset." She headed backstage, determined to handle the mother and child reunion as recommended. When Nicole spotted her, she ran over and embraced her, shrieking blissfully, "Oh, Mommy, did you see me on stage?"

Being born in a trunk is supposed to be the quintessential show business beginning. If that is true, you might say that Nicole Fosse was born in a solid gold trunk. The mother who hurried backstage is the legendary dancer Gwen Verdon, who became an overnight star in *Can-Can* and then made Broadway history in shows like *Damn Yankees*, *New Girl in Town*, *Redhead*, *Sweet Charity*, and *Chicago*. Her father is the Oscar (*Cabaret*), Emmy (*Liza With a Z*), and Tony (*Dancin'*) award-winning choreographer and director, Bob Fosse.

Despite this incredible pedigree, Nicole showed little interest in following in their dancing footsteps. She was artistic, loved to draw, and had written a book of poems by the age of eight. But she also loved sports and, especially, horses. Her parents, who were divorced when she was seven, were careful not to push her in any direction. "I thought she would become something like a designer," Verdon recalls.

At New York's Dalton School, Nicole rode horses, played tennis, and was on the track and swim teams. She was interested in languages. Then one day she reached a decision and told her father she wanted to learn how to dance and to become a dancer. His response, she recalls, was, "Oh my God, why?"

"Her mother and I discouraged it for a long time," Fosse says, "but when she made the decision we got her the best

PATRICK DEMARCHELIER

teachers we could find." Verdon adds, "We knew she was starting very late in terms of structure and discipline, and we wanted to make sure she didn't go to what Agnes de Mille calls 'the go to heaven in a pink light' kind of dancing school."

Nicole was fifteen when she arrived at the prestigious North Carolina School of the Arts in Winston-Salem to prepare for her newly chosen vocation. She loved it and excelled at it and graduated a year early.

She was accepted on a scholarship at George Balanchine's School of American Ballet in New York. She was an eager student and a fast learner, but there was nothing she could do to acquire the tall, willowy silhouette Balanchine's line requires. "Genetically I had certain attributes that ballet classes could not change," she says today. "Let's just say that I looked good in high heels," she adds, laughing.

After two years she began to wonder what all those pliés were for. "I was beginning to ask myself why I was spending hours learning how to point my foot absolutely perfectly if no one was ever going to see it. I was longing to perform."

So she got her first Equity card and went to tryouts for an Atlantic City dinner theater production of *Can-Can*. The experience was exhausting and exhilarating. "I loved the responsibility of getting myself together and getting out on stage ten times a week. I didn't care what kind of dancing it was."

She did a few commercials and got called back for the Broadway production of *On Your Toes*, but was still attracted to the idea of being a professional ballerina. So she accepted a scholarship to join the Cleveland Ballet.

Having tasted the independence of performing, she found it difficult to undergo the technical stripping-down and starting from scratch her new ballet masters required. And once again the intensity and isolation of ballet life closed in. She mainly remembers Cleveland as the place she did a lot of crying and a lot of reading.

Fate provided a solution to a growing problem when a dancing injury required her to return to New York. While she was recuperating she went to the *Chorus Line* movie tryouts, and the rest is history—at least it will be after the film opens on Friday the thirteenth of December.

"She's absolutely extraordinary," director Richard Attenborough says. "She has the most compellingly opposite qualities: she seems vulnerable and tough and naive and knowing. She is charming and impulsive, and yet you feel there's something very deep about her."

Today, just turned twenty-two, Nicole Fosse is bright, thoughtful, articulate—and, like most gypsies, going to dance classes, taking acting lessons, and looking for work. She is realistic about the unique situation her familial connections put her in, but aware that it can cut two ways. "I'm sure that when people know who my parents are it opens some doors. But I think that people may also look extra hard at me. Once, I told my mother that she was only praising something I had done because she was my mother. She said, 'Where dancing is concerned, motherhood goes out the window.' Where jobs are concerned in this business, I think parenthood goes out the window, too."■

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A HELLUVA WAY TO MAKE A LIVING

AS THE STAR OF FILMS LIKE *STRIPES*, *Blade Runner*, *Young Doctors in Love*, *Dune*, and Disney's new *Baby*, Sean Young gets treated damned well.

But dancing has always been Sean Young's first love. ("It heals me and cures me," she says.) So she is angry about the way dancers are treated. And she knows about it firsthand because she decided to answer an open casting call for dancers in the music video of Laura Branigan's recent hit "Self Control." "No one knew who I was," she says. "I just went and auditioned and got one of the jobs."

The elaborate "Self Control" production became controversial when MTV refused to show the original version because it depicted the singer in what appeared to be an act of self-abuse. But as it turned out, the real abuses were being heaped on the dozen hapless and helpless dancers. "For four days in the middle of winter we were herded around and shunted into this unheated hangar in New Jersey. Nobody cared about getting us food. While Laura was being treated the way I'm treated when I'm in a film, they didn't even bother to get chairs for us to sit on," Young recalls.

"Do I want to work my butt off for four days for $125 so I can call myself a dancer?" Young asks rhetorically. "No," she answers definitively.

Before he became a choreographer, Jeffrey Hornaday was one of the handful of top dancers in TV and movies. "The highest I could go in my field was to make SAG (Screen Actors' Guild) minimum. Period. And if you twist an ankle or get some other injury, it's over: you're bumped, and you're out selling sunglasses."

MICHAEL CHILDERS/SYGMA

Sean Young loses her self-control when she thinks about the way dancers are treated.

For the film of *A Chorus Line*, three thousand dancers auditioned for seventeen parts. Director Richard Attenborough notes, "If you're applying to be a secretary you get a chance to take down shorthand, type, etc., and you have twenty minutes of an oral interview. But as a dancer, you only have ninety seconds and that decision, one way or another, means whether or not you can pay the rent."

Hornaday puts it more succinctly: "You're treated like shit. You're treated like a piece of meat on a line, and you're rejected without even being connected with or being seen as a human being. The amount of power-tripping and sexual manipulation that goes on by producers and choreographers and directors is disgusting. And you've got no choice but to take it if you want to dance."

If Rodney Dangerfield ever becomes a dancer, he'll learn what it is *really* like to get no respect. "Today, there's even the phenomenon of people who have been dancers for a long time taking all the dance credits off their resumés because they want to be taken seriously as actors," according to *Footloose* choreographer

PARAMOUNT PICTURES

Marine Jahan's failure to receive any acknowledgement for doing Jennifer Beals's dancing in Flashdance *created a movietown flap.*

© 1984 BY WARNER BROS.

Michael Jackson's Thriller *established him as one of the best-known entertainers around the world.*

Before becoming a rock idol and film star, Madonna was an Alvin Ailey dancer.

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Lynne Taylor-Corbett.

It may be the dancers' own degree of commitment that makes their exploitation possible. Director Attenborough is fascinated by this absolute compulsion to dance. "If they didn't dance, they might do disastrous things," he says. "They just cannot contain the energy that wells up from whatever they have within their beings. They don't dribble a ball or run a race, they kick higher or more expressively, or more exquisitely. It is a way of life, and they will give up anything, they will sacrifice everything, and they will go through deprivation of the most extraordinary kind in order just to do it. After working all day from 6:30 a.m. to seven p.m., they will change and go out dancing until three a.m. Initially I suspected that it was a physical, sexual thing. It isn't. I don't maintain that that doesn't exist, of course, but that isn't the primary concern. The primary concern is, truthfully, dancing."

While the working conditions are bad enough, the physical demands being made by choreographers are constantly increasing. "Dancing today is much more strenuous, much more physically tough than it was just a few years ago," according to Bob Fosse. "Dancers today take more risks. I don't know how long they can last doing it. They live rather dangerously, the young dancers."

Peter Tramm, who did the heavy dancing for Kevin Bacon in *Footloose*, cites the athleticization of dance as one reason for this change. He started out as a gymnast in high school, and when he became a dancer he found his gymnastic training was a great advantage in getting work.

As *Turning Point* and *Footloose* director Herb Ross, who started out as a dancer, puts it, "The choreography is more demanding because the dancers can do more. The level of technique in the instrument—the human body—keeps getting more refined."

Antony Hamilton, now in the TV series "Cover-Up," was the youngest star of the Australian Ballet when he left dancing ten years ago to expand his horizons, first by modeling and now by acting. He marvels at the improvements in technique and at the physical demands dancers are meeting. But he still feels that the dancer's world is too isolated. "You start training when you're a kid and it takes all your time and energy and attention. It's so insular that you can't develop any outside interests or outside friendships. You're doing something you love to do, but my God, you pay a price for it."

Peter Tramm did Kevin Bacon's acrobatic high stepping in Footloose.

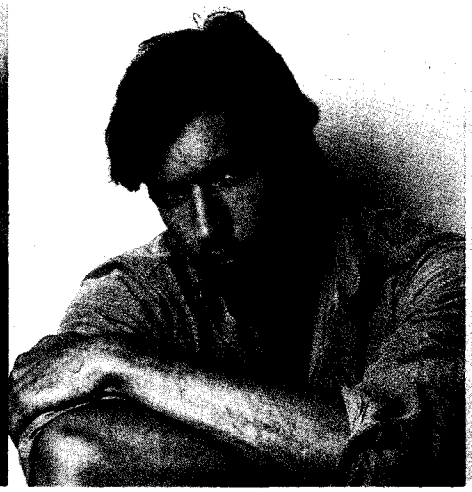
As dancing becomes more demanding and strenuous, the already short—"terrifyingly short," in Attenborough's words—career span is shortened further still. By the late twenties the body is beginning to show the wear, and the constant pressure from young dancers entering the profession ups the competitive ante.

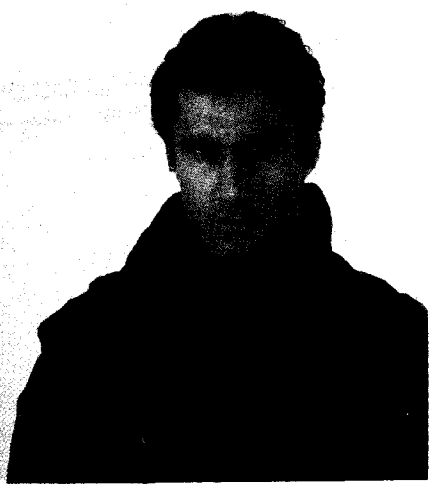
In *A Chorus Line* the song "What I Did for Love" describes the compulsive nature of the dancer's commitment to the art. "We did what we had to do," the song says, and most dancers agree that however bad and risky the profession may be, they are compelled to do it by internal forces beyond their control. "You have to have a mad passion to go through all the pain and stay in it," is Taylor-Corbett's summation.

"When they're dancing and look at themselves in the mirror, the love affair is so complete that nothing else is needed," says Arnold Schulman, who talked with hundreds of dancers across the country before writing the screenplay for *A Chorus Line*. "That's all they need: just the mirror. No matter how bad anything else may be, that gives them the opportunity to find happiness even if it's only for an hour a day—and that's the kind of happiness a bank teller will never know." SR

Ballet star Antony Hamilton found the dance world too limiting.

Shaba Doo and Linda Dickey were the stars of the breakdance movie Breakin'.





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SELF REFLECTING

Anita Brookner's heroines do not fit any contemporary mold. Do they mirror the author's own soul?

BY SHEILA HALE

Anita Brookner writes about the passion of an unusual and distinguished woman. The woman is given a different name and address in each of her four published novels. But these variations, far from protecting her identity, only confirm our apprehension of her individuality. Although the author knows exactly how it feels to be this woman, she doesn't always like her, and she underestimates the value of qualities which we perceive to be extraordinary. Nor does Anita Brookner pity the inevitable loneliness of her creation.

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THE BEST WAY TO READ ANITA BROOKner's fictional quartet is in the order in which it was written, beginning with *A Start in Life*, in which Edith Weiss, at forty, reviews her childhood and early womanhood in order to assess a life that has been "ruined by literature." Edith Weiss, "scrupulous, passionate, thoughtful and given to self-analysis," is a university lecturer whose special subject is women in Balzac's novels. She prefers men. She is "extreme in her expectations and although those expectations had never been fulfilled she had learnt nothing." In the latest Brookner novel, *Hotel du Lac*, she is Edith Hope, who looks like Virginia Woolf and writes romantic novels under the Bloomsburian alias of Vanessa Wilde. At thirty-nine, her life has been ruined by romantic expectations which she knows to be unreal.

Anita Brookner's novels are rather short, and dense with literary reference and allusion. The surface detail is so evocative, the writing so elegant, and the craftsmanship so skilful that they read as easily as detective stories. This is a genre with which one suspects the author, who is, after all, a professor, to be as familiar as she evidently is with the whole of the Western literary tradition. In Anita Brookner's novels the essential clues turn out, too late, to have been blindingly obvious—if only she and we had known how to interpret the signs. When it comes to reading real life, her literary heroines are dyslexic.

Dr. Anita Brookner (she took her doctorate in art history at the Courtauld Institute of Art, where she still lectures on the French romantic period) opened our interview by telling me that she is an "obscure," "unsuccessful," and above all a *"stupid"* person. "Like Stendhal, 'I walk along the street marveling at the stars. And I am run over by a cab.' " She adds that she *hopes* she is not a dishonest person.

She is a slim woman, in her mid-forties, and far more carefully and elegantly dressed than most academics one encounters, with fine, wide eyes, a full sensuous mouth, and impeccably cut and polished auburn hair. She lives in an efficient, modern block of flats with a pleasant communal garden behind but otherwise notable for its lack of character. She moved in twenty years ago after the death of her parents, planning to stay for a few months. "I saw it as a stopgap. Now it is my kingdom." The flat itself is small, sunny, neat, decorated in pale neutral colors like a hotel room. Her "secret vice" is revealed on the coffee table, where piles of glossy new books are arranged in enticing piles as in a good bookshop. She reviews books regularly, and since becoming a novelist herself she has allowed herself the luxury of buying new novels in hardback. This is partly as a "gesture of gratitude to the authors, who have provided me with so much *information*, information of a kind I could never possibly have found elsewhere."

"I do envy those who can take life a little more easily. I am too handicapped by expectations."

The nervousness I had felt at the prospect of our meeting could not be explained away simply by my admiration for her work or fear of her famously formidable cleverness. I had been told that she was sympathetic, as indeed she is. I also knew, because she had confessed as much in *Providence*, the second novel, that she had trained herself, "whatever it cost her," to assume an "elegance of behavior calculated to disarm . . . the dandyism of great endeavor combined with a gracious ease of manner."

She has the almost aggressively insistent courtesy ("You are doing me a very great favor by interviewing me"; or, in response to praise, "If *you* say so") that sometimes protects sensitive and complex characters. A rarer and more disconcerting accomplishment is her ability to speak in full, polished sentences, as though lecturing from a prepared text—although with more recourse to italics than such a refined writer would use in print. The emphasized words are further underlined by an unblinking gaze that holds one's eyes for just a little longer than is comfortable. The conversational style varies from "short, military" sentences (a phrase she has used about Stendhal) to elaborate Jamesian periods. She can be extremely and apparently spontaneously funny, but she does not laugh at her own jokes.

The unnerving thing about meeting Brookner, however, is that one knows her already too intimately. She is one of the few mature "narcissistic" novelists to have portrayed her inner life so vividly. I would quail at the prospect of interviewing Tolstoy or Flaubert, but if *Anna Karenina* or *Madame Bovary* were autobiographies, I would run a mile. Of course Anita Brookner's novels are not crudely autobiographical; they are far more devastatingly self-analytical than any straightforward autobiography. Discreet to a fault in her relationships with other people, the woman at their center has revealed herself to her readers with an obsessive honesty that is not rendered less painful by her wit and intelligence.

Her father was born in Poland, as was her maternal grandfather. An only child, she grew up in the dim, airless, comfortable surroundings that prosperous European immigrants used to re-create for themselves. One imagines the smell of regular, meaty meals emanating from the ponderous dark-wood furniture. Although she herself was born and educated in London, she has never gotten over the feeling that she is really a foreigner. "I have never learned the custom of the country. We were aliens. Jews. Tribal. *Aliens*. I doubt that you ever get away from the people before you. No one is free, although there are moments when one feels free, and these can be revelatory

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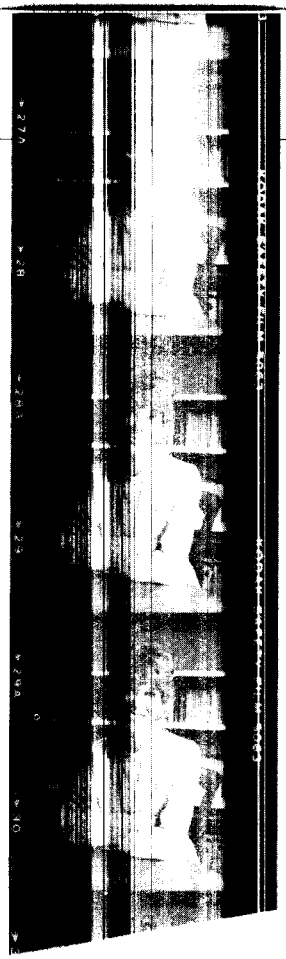
as well as exhilarating. I loved my parents painfully, but they were hopeless as guides. I am always trying to *explain* my family to myself and to others to find out how I ended up in my peculiar situation. I do envy those who can take life a little more easily. I am too handicapped by expectations."

One set of expectations, which she summarizes as "the idea that right will triumph because this is England," was implanted at an early age by the novels of Dickens, which her father, "who didn't understand the English," took to be true pictures of English life. He fed her with Dickens from the time she was seven, and she still rereads a Dickens novel every year. "I am still looking for Nicholas Nickleby."

The mother's expectations were different and equally crucial. "She wanted me to be another kind of person altogether. I should have *looked* different, should have been more popular, socially more graceful, one of those small, coy, kittenish women who get their way. If my novels contain a certain amount of grief it is to do with my not being what I would wish to be. My mother was a singer who gave up her professional career when she married my father and was reduced to singing in our drawing room. She was inclined to melancholy and I believe she was very bored. She was *very* beautiful but lost her looks rapidly, and when she sang my father became restless and I would begin to cry; the nurse would take me away. It was the passion in the voice that showed, you see."

The woman Anita Brookner could not be, however hard she tried, appears in different guises in all the novels. Sometimes she is an aging actress, sometimes a trendy, confident, outrageous golden girl, elsewhere a modern odalisque. She is the kind of woman given to arranging her hair in public, turning her head from side to side in the glass for the benefit of her admirers; she knows how to pause on the threshold of a room for just long enough to capture the center of attention. If she reads at all it is rubbish; but she is certain that she would make an excellent writer if only writing weren't such a pointless activity. Often, she has "come down in the world." She is shallow, manipulative, vain, and driven by glorious appetites. And Brookner has not the shadow of a doubt that whatever the feminist movement may teach us, it is this super-feminine woman who wins the race every time. "I have to tell you that the dirty old tricks work better than the brave new ones."



"I should have *looked* different, should have been more popular, one of those small, coy, kittenish women who get their way."

The author does not dislike the selfish, manipulative woman—who remains, after all, a kind of ideal—any more than she ever stopped loving her mother: "How could I? She was too *innocent*." But she does admit to being irritated by one of her not uncommon manifestations. "My idea of a *nightmare* is to be told that a colleague—an alcoholic, single-parent mother (yes, I'm afraid it usually is a woman)—is about to lose her job because her own mother is dying of cancer and she is herself ill. I *hate* these adversative positions." To this I naturally offer a few flabby comments about charity and affirmative action. "No," says Brookner firmly, "it's a false equation. If she keeps the job—and she will—she will come in later every day, telling you that you don't *know* what it's like to be a single-parent mother."

After studying history at King's College, London, Anita Brookner enrolled at the Courtauld to study art history. This was against her parents' wishes, but "I realized that if I was a failure it was better to be a failure on my own terms." She lived in Paris, "very happily on £5 a week," for three years writing her thesis on Jean-Baptiste Greuze. "I was liberated by poverty before I knew what the women's movement was all about." At the Courtauld she was helped and encouraged by Anthony Blunt [noted British art historian who was later revealed to be a Soviet spy], "whom I valued *as a teacher and a friend*," she says (using the italics and eye contact to block any further discussion about *that* subject).

She is now, as her dust jackets correctly inform us, an internationally recognized authority on eighteenth- and nineteenth-century painting, and the author of three art-historical books—on Watteau, Greuze, and David—which she dismisses as "steps in the painful process of self-realization." She sees herself as a "speculative" art historian rather than a scholar and worries that she "might not be rigorous enough." Unlike many educators, and rather to her own surprise, she enjoys teaching. "I'm such a nervous person I wouldn't have thought I'd be good at it. But the students are so *amiable*. They haven't yet learned those little hypocrisies. And if they trust you, then you must give them your *full attention*. This is why I can only write in the summer."

Like Edith Wharton, whom she resembles in other ways, Anita Brookner is a born novelist who did not begin writing fiction until she had reached middle age. The reason for this is that it never occurred to her. "There were no secret notebooks, not a scrap, not a sentence." She embarked on *A Start in Life* four years ago in the summer vacation, impelled by "boredom and the wish to review my life, which seemed to be drifting in predictable channels. I saw it as a little exercise in self-analysis. What is interesting about self-analysis is that it leads nowhere. It is an art form in itself."

She writes easily—"no drafts, no fetishes, no false starts; there simply isn't the *time*"—straight onto a typewriter at the Courtauld, as though the novels had been "encoded in the unconscious." The process of writing is "painful rather than

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difficult. You never know what you will learn until you start writing. Then you discover truths you didn't know existed. These books are accidents of the unconscious. It's like dredging, really, seeing if you can keep it going."

A Start in Life was turned down by three London publishers before Jonathan Cape, who must be pleased with themselves for spotting what has become a cult book, accepted it. She is fiercely loyal to Cape and to her editor there, Liz Calder, "whom I will *never leave*"; and she seemed shaken by my suggestion (although I had never met or heard of Liz Calder) that it was not inconceivable that she might one day leave Jonathan Cape, in the way that good editors do change houses. "No," she insisted. "I don't think she ever will." Evidently Jonathan Cape, like the flat in Fulham and the Courtauld, have become part of the support system.

As for her friends, "They say that writing is a deviant activity, or that I am putting myself forward: no more obedient listening." Some suggest that she should put in more explicit sex, which seems mistaken advice, since her books are charged with an erotic tension that reminds one, again, of Edith Wharton. "These matters are private and should remain so. In fiction as in life. That's part of my old code, which I can't break." Love is her subject. "What else is there?" she once said to another interviewer. "Everything else is merely literature." Real love, she now adds, is a pilgrimage. It happens when there is no strategy, but it is very rare because most people are strategists. So the chance of two non-strategists ever meeting is slight, and even if they do meet they may be deflected by the strategists.

Friendship is clearly also important and difficult for her, the quality she values most in a friend being "accountability: actions to be explained with full knowledge of emotions and procedures. You get it in Russian novels: the complete confession. Accountability in friendship is the equivalent of love without strategy, and that is the *grail*."

The grim mathematical formula is presumably abstracted from literature—"the source of everything I know"—as well as from life, the difference being that literature can cheat by improving the odds. One feels that in *Hotel du Lac* she may have been tempted to do this herself. "She almost got him, this time" is how a friend put it to her.

"If my novels contain a certain amount of grief it is to do with my not being what I would wish to be."

She turns to the subject of literature with relish. Henry James? "He wars in my mind for supremacy with Dickens. If you wish *scrutiny*, then it has to be James—*and* the French. But if you want *indignation*, then it's Dickens." Proust? "Very precious to me. That state of mind he kept himself in is so hypnotic and dangerous that one approaches rereading him almost with fear. Always marginal, always observing. The cost was too high, when all is said and done. The perils of remaining in that childlike state of receptivity are terrifying. And the awful thing is that he got it *right all the time*. It is all *true*.

"The function of writing for a marginal person is to reabsorb and redirect all the attention that has been wasted by too much listening and watching. This is a vital function for a passive person." Variations on this observation appear in the third novel, *Look at Me*, which is about a budding novelist called Frances Hinton, who tells us that writing "is your penance for not being lucky. It is an attempt to reach others and to make them love you." *Look at Me* is the only one of the published quartet of novels to be written in the first person. And it may be worth noting that Anita Brookner "*despised*" Frances Hinton, "for her susceptibility, her lack of divination, her *stupidity*. I felt myself getting madder and madder as I wrote it."

This past summer she finished her fifth novel, *Family and Friends*, which is a new departure, more substantial than the others, she says, and written from five different points of view including those of two men. It began as an "accident," when a second cousin telephoned to say that he was collecting all ninety-seven surviving members of her extended family, none of whom she had ever met, for a party. "Now I can draw a line under my whole life and have done with it. The routine of writing in the summers has become a bit of a tyranny. I have no anecdotes for my friends. It's a pattern I'm anxious to break."

In my notebook I've taken down a sentence that appears to be irrelevant in its context. It is: "I feel like a snail." Since I cannot think of any question I might have asked that would prompt this response, I assume it was spontaneous. Or she may have been alluding to the passage in *Hotel du Lac* in which the novelist tells her agent that the most potent myth of all is the myth of the tortoise and the hare. "This is a lie, of course," says the novelist. " . . . In real life, of course, it is the hare who wins. Every time. Look around you. And in any case it is my contention that Aesop was writing for the tortoise market. Axiomatically . . . hares have no time to read. They are too busy winning the game."

As I was leaving, she returned, again without prompting, to her yearning to be an entirely other person. "I *know* that no one is going to ring me up and say, 'Look, darling, this must be a frightful bore but would you mind terribly dancing Odette tomorrow night.' But the fantasy remains. Oh, yes, it is still there." It may be unkind to say so, but I hope Anita Brookner will not shed her shell or her fantasies. As long as she retains them she is likely to be tyrannized by the compulsion to write fiction. That is her tragedy, but it is good news for those of us in the tortoise market. SR

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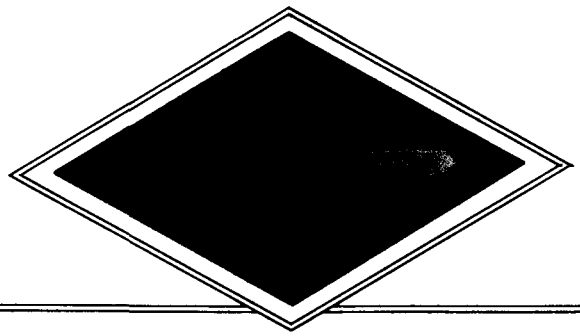

YOUNG METEORS

Sometimes early success can be a mixed blessing. Coping with the demands, options, and opportunities of sudden prominence isn't necessarily easy. And having to equal or exceed oneself can create enormous pressures. In these pages we profile some young men and women who have handled their early successes with great aplomb. These are meteors who have only just begun to light up our skies.

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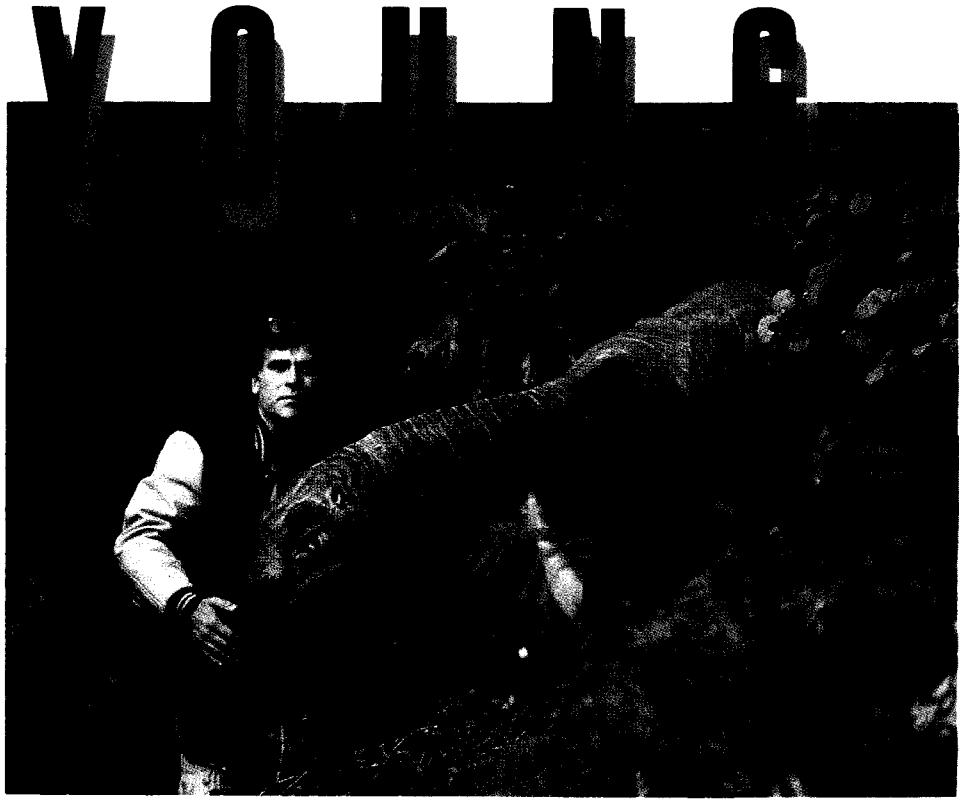
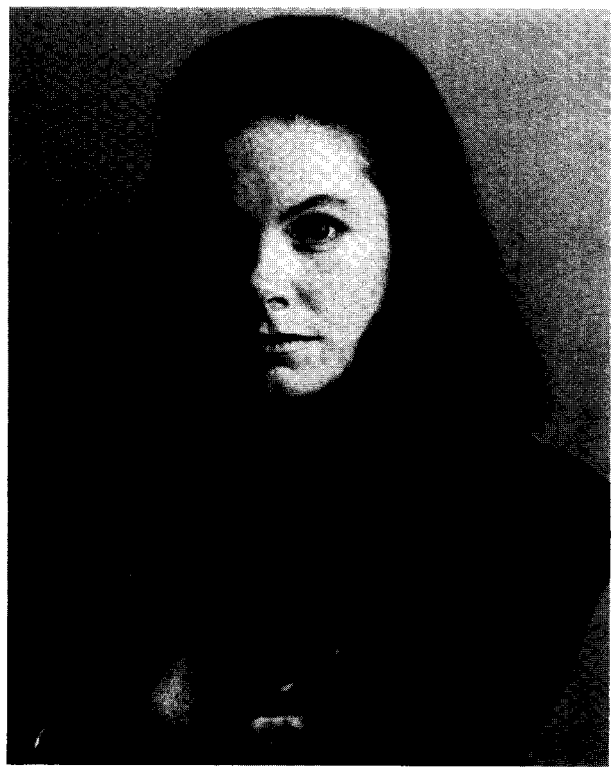
THE YOUNG



Texas-born **TRISHA WILSON** started her Dallas interior architectural design firm by selling luxury hotel builders on the idea of tasteful, individualized decor. Today she is the head of a multi-million-dollar enterprise with projects around the world ranging from private yachts to entire resorts. Two current pet projects: an expansive residence in southern Texas and a condominium in New York's Trump Tower. "A lot of what has come my way has been luck," says Wilson, "but you also have to know what to do with it."

BILL NORTON is the son of a Hollywood screenwriter and has a degree in history from Long Beach State College. He went to UCLA film school, worked in television, and was eventually asked to direct his own screenplay, *Cisco Pike*, which became a cult classic. In 1978 George Lucas chose him to direct the sequel to *American Graffiti*. His newest film is *Baby*, a $14 million special effects extravaganza from Disney. "You try to make magic on the screen," says Norton, "but it all starts with good writing."

By the age of twenty-four, after attending Williams College and Harvard Business School, **MICHAEL BESCHLOSS** had completed his first book, the critically acclaimed *Kennedy and Roosevelt*. Now, at twenty-nine, he's at work on his second, a study of American-Soviet relations during the Eisenhower presidency, soon to be published by Harper and Row. "It's taken a while," says Beschloss, "but I am quietly working my way toward the present."



While studying anthropology at Illinois State University, **ELIZABETH TALLENT** felt no inclination to write, but she did have "an affection for writers uncommon in an anthropologist." Today Tallent is the author of *In Constant Flight*, a well-received collection of short stories, and a newly published novel, *Museum Pieces*. Now living in New Mexico, the Washington-born Tallent artfully describes the American Southwest and its people.

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METEORS

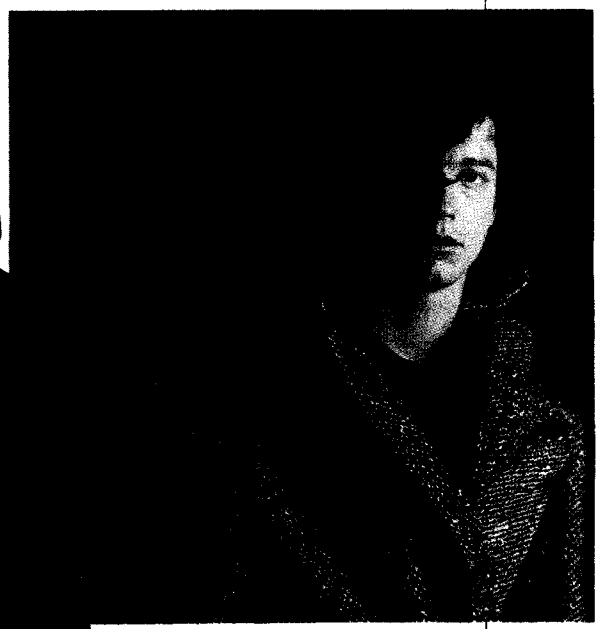
HERB RITTS

Since they met at a Hollywood dinner party in the 1970s, **DON SIMPSON** and **JERRY BRUCKHEIMER** have been making millions producing such hit movies as *48 Hours*, *Flashdance*, and *Beverly Hills Cop*. They recently renewed their contract with Paramount, where they have twenty-five projects in development. Upcoming is a sequel to *Beverly Hills Cop*, and a fighter-pilot saga with Tom Cruise called *Top Gun*. Says Bruckheimer, "We just try to make the kind of movies we would like to see ourselves." Simpson agrees, "We've got popcorn hearts and minds. You just keep the energy up and never look back."

STEPHEN LUPINO

ANN FLANDERS is a one-time boutique owner and former fashion columnist for the now-defunct *SoHo News*. In 1982, with $6,000 of her own money, she began *Details*, an irreverent and lively magazine devoted to the fashion, arts, and nightlife of lower Manhattan. The punk-look advertisements are half the fun of the $2 magazine, which has become so popular it recently went on the newsstands in Los Angeles. Says Flanders, "People in L.A. are dying to be hip."

Ac[illegible]**IC STOLTZ** [illegible]n in America[illegible] moa and later moved to Santa Barbara. He attended the University of Southern California's theater arts department, dropping out to study under Stella Adler and later William Traylor and Peggy Feury. His film debut was in *Fast Times at Ridgemont High* in 1982 and was followed by a brief guest role on TV's "St. Elsewhere." In the recently released film, *Mask*, the twenty-two-year-old Stoltz portrays Rocky, a boy whose head is badly deformed by a rare disease. In September he will costar with Ed Harris and Max von Sydow in the spy thriller *Emerald*.



Designer **STEVEN SPROUSE** dropped out of the Rhode Island School of Design and learned his trade as an intern to Bill Blass and Halston. But it was as a struggling rock guitarist that he got the idea of dressing punk performers for their videos. His clothes, like the music, are loud and unconventional: graffiti-print fabrics, shocking fluorescent dresses, sequined miniskirts. Creations by this native Ohioan, whom the *New York Times* calls "the bad boy of fashion," now brighten the racks at high-priced Bergdorf Goodman and other tony shops.

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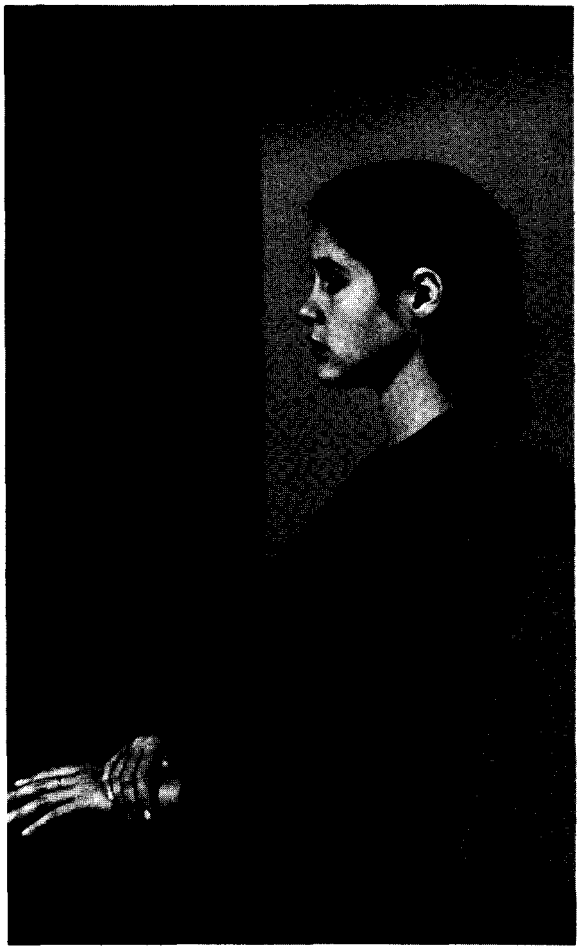
THE YOUNG

CAROLINE GREYSHOCK

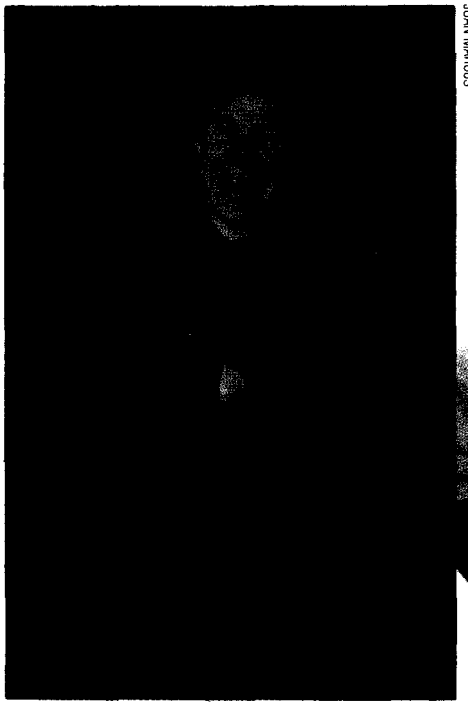
Twenty-five-year-old **FERNANDA EBERSTADT** is the daughter of photographer Frederick Eberstadt and novelist Isabel Nash Eberstadt. She is also the granddaughter of Ogden Nash. Her first novel, *Low Tide*, was published in April by Knopf. Eberstadt attended the Brearley School in her native New York City and Magdalen College, Oxford. She is a contributor on literature and history for *Commentary* magazine.



BARRY LATEGAN

Born in Panama, **RUBÉN BLADES** received a law degree from the National University of Panama and worked as an attorney for the Bank of Panama. He moved to New York in 1974 and, in 1977, collaborated with Willie Colon to produce four gold albums, including *Siembra*, the best-selling salsa album in history. He has just received a master's degree in international law from Harvard, and his latest projects include: movie acting; an album for Elektra titled *Escenas*, featuring a duet in Spanish with Linda Ronstadt; an album that, in collaboration with Nobel Prize-winning author Gabriel Garcia Marquez, presents a musical interpretation of eight of Marquez's short stories; and a book of short fiction, *Tales From the Valley of the Bored*. A recent poll showed that in Panama, Blades is the third most popular person behind the late President Omar Torrijos and Blades' friend, boxer Roberto Duran.

PETER SELLARS was born in Pittsburgh and studied drama at Andover Academy and Harvard. He received one of the MacArthur Foundation's "genius" grants, allowing him to take on the directorship of the Boston Shakespeare Company. The numerous dramatic productions Sellars has directed range from operas to a rock video. At twenty-seven, he is the artistic director of the newly-formed American National Theater at the Kennedy Center in Washington, D.C.



JOAN MARCUS

JACK MITCHELL

At twenty-five, Taiwan-born **CHO-LIANG LIN** has established himself as a world-class violinist and one of classical music's most sought after performers and recording artists. He attended the Juilliard School, and by seventeen had won the prestigious Queen Sophia Competition in Madrid. Lin has performed with nearly every major orchestra in the world, and this year he will play one hundred and twenty concerts. Early success notwithstanding, he says, "I've led a pretty normal life."

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METEORS

TIMOTHY GREENFIELD-SANDERS

In 1981, after a ten-year hiatus from college, **GRACIE MANSION** graduated as an art major from Montclair State in New Jersey and moved to New York City. A group of her friends, all artists, decided that she would be the one to learn the business side of art. The Pittsburgh native proceeded to take on the art world and a distinctive new name. Four years later, Mansion owns one of the East Village's most notable avant-garde galleries.

ANDY SCHWARTZ

SUSAN SEIDELMAN grew up in Philadelphia, attended Drexel University, and went on to New York University Film School, "more or less on a whim." Her first independently produced feature, *Smithereens*, was accepted into the main competition at the Cannes Film Festival in 1982. Her new studio-backed movie, *Desperately Seeking Susan*, enjoyed rave reviews. "The ball park is bigger now," she says, "but the game is still the same."

RICHARD NORTON SMITH grew up in Townsend, Massachusetts. In 1975 the *Washington Post* published his critique of his White House internship and contributed to the program's demise. His highly praised book, *Thomas Dewey and His Times*, was published in 1982, followed in 1984 by his biography of Herbert Hoover, *An Uncommon Man*. He is currently a speech writer for California senator Pete Wilson and is working on an "institutional biography" of Harvard, to be published next spring for the university's 350th anniversary.

WHITNEY HOUSTON grew up in East Orange, New Jersey, the daughter of gospel and soul singer Cissy Houston and a first cousin of Dionne Warwick. By the age of fifteen, Houston was singing back-up in her mother's nightclub act. She has performed duets with Jermaine Jackson and Teddy Pendergrass, and they, along with Kashif, perform on her debut album, released this year by Arista. She also works as a Wilhelmina fashion model, appearing in *Cosmopolitan*, *Glamour*, and *Seventeen*.

SR

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A WRITER'S DESK

PHILIP JOSÉ FARMER

SCIENCE FICTION WRITER PHILIP JOSÉ Farmer's office is "chock full of mementos" that reflect his wide-ranging interests, including WWI aviation, lighter-than-air craft, genealogy, steamboats, and anthropology, to name a few. These, and artwork from books, enliven a work space that began as a bare, unfinished basement in his home in Peoria, Illinois.

The painting hanging on the far left (above the desk) is from Farmer's *The Adventure of the Peerless Peer* (1974), "where Tarzan meets Holmes and Watson in darkest Africa during WWI. That reflects my lifelong interest in those characters, and it also has a zeppelin in it," notes Farmer, who has flown in the Goodyear blimp and has taken lessons in hot air ballooning. "I've written more stories in which lighter-than-air craft appear than any other living author."

The other paintings (from left to right) are:

- one that Farmer commissioned from *Shadow* magazine,
- from Farmer's *A Feast Unknown*,
- from a book by Farmer that satirized Tarzan and Doc Savage, a pulp novel hero from the '30s;
- an Indian centaur from Farmer's *A Private Cosmos*;
- the cover from a magazine story by Farmer about a Neanderthal man who survives to the present,
- a copy, commissioned by Farmer, of the cover of a *Doc Savage* magazine;
- artwork from a French translation of Farmer's *The Lovers*, below which is an original Sherlock Holmes calendar.

On Farmer's desk is an "indispensable" pocket calculator, used for calculations that appear in science fiction stories, a magnifying glass ("it reminds me of Sherlock Holmes"), Farmer's first check (framed) from the sale of an article ($250 from *Adventure* magazine in 1945), and a ceramic figure of a man with his head split in half. "I figure that's symbolic of all writers," says Farmer. "We're all schizophrenic. We live in two worlds: the real world and the world of fantasy."

Boxes under the desk, as well as "five or six" in a closet, contain correspondence that Farmer has yet to catch up on. "Every once in a while I clean them out and send some items to the University of Wyoming," says Farmer. (The university is collecting Farmer's papers, as well as those of Bob Bloch, author of *Psycho*.)

Other books by Farmer include: *Lord Tyger* (1970), *To Your Scattered Bodies Go* (1971), *The Fabulous Riverboat* (1971), *Venus on the Half Shell* (1975), *The Dark Design* (1977), *The Magic Labyrinth* (1980), *Gods of the Riverworld* (1983), and *Dayworld* (1985). SR

RENÉE C. BYERS

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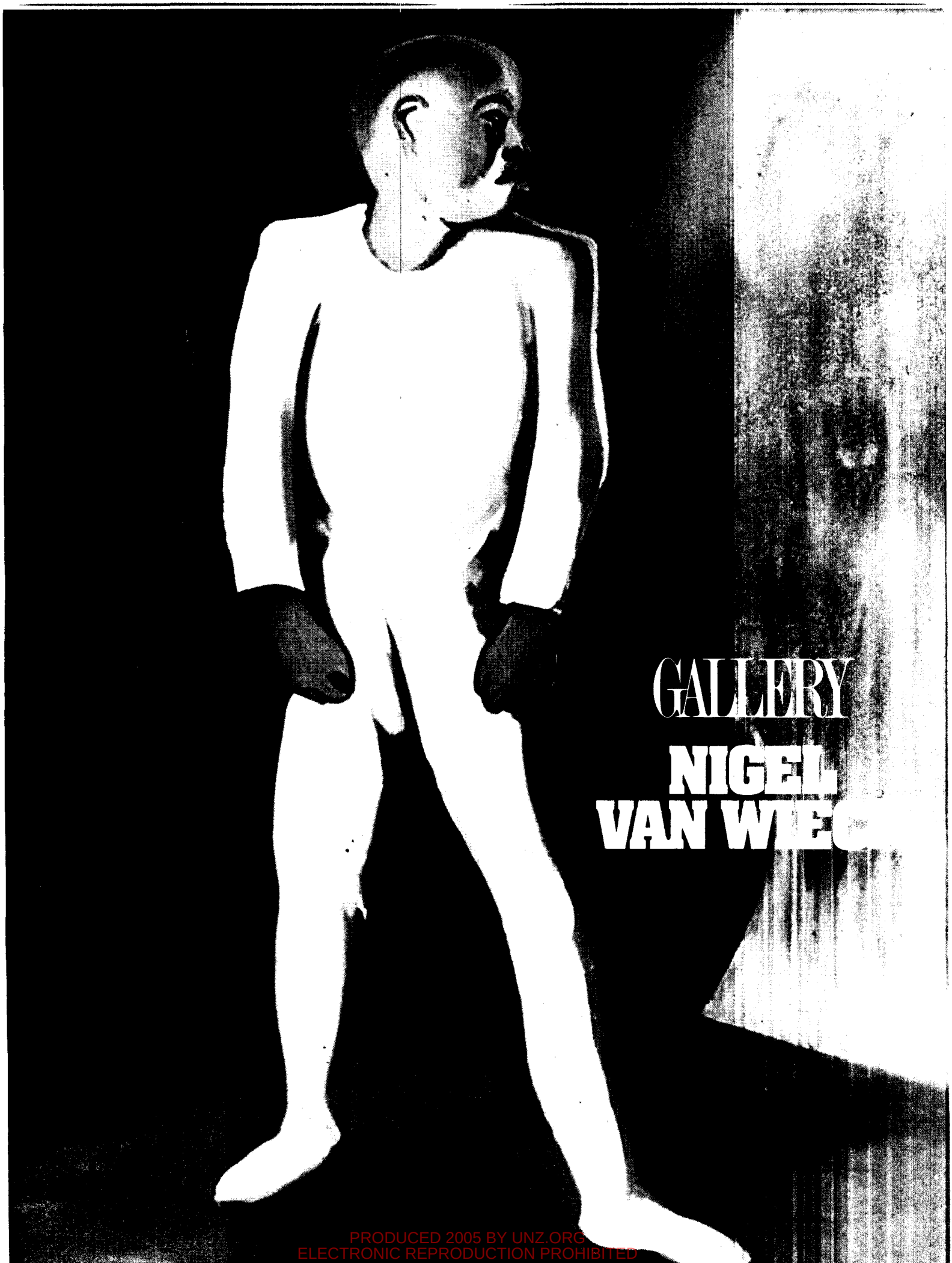

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TITLES AND CREDITS

Opening page 45, *Difference of Opinion*, collection of Vincent P. Hanley Jr.
Pages 46 and 47, *Beyond the Point.*
Pages 48 and 49, *Tales of the Painter: Desire, Possession, Despair, Destiny.*
Page 50, *Point of Departure*, collection of Graham Leader.
Page 51, *The Point of Living*, collection of Tony Shafrazi.

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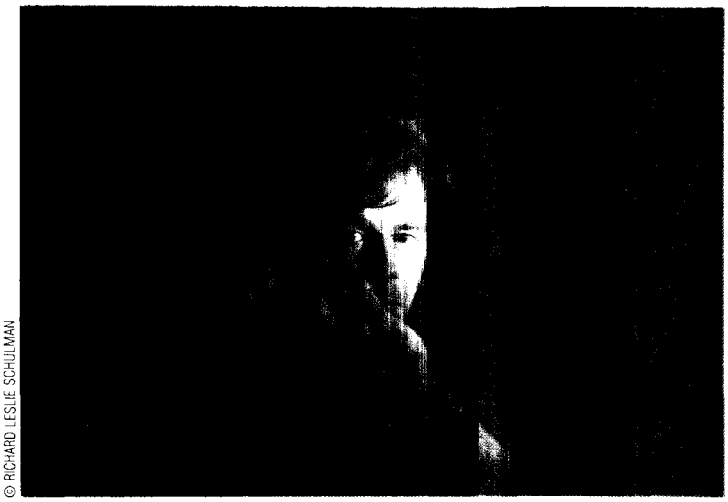

© RICHARD LESLIE SCHULMAN

British-born Nigel Van Wieck established his career as a portraitist in London. Tired of the super-realism involved in painting other peoples' pictures, he began to experiment with more abstract techniques. Now living and working in New York City, he has evolved a unique style of classically-inspired neo-realism. In his paintings a modern ambiguity, and even menace, masquerades in mythical scenes and trappings. His paintings are shown in New York at the Peter Patistchess Gallery, and from May 4-25, his latest work will be shown at the Germans Van Eck Gallery, 420 West Broadway.

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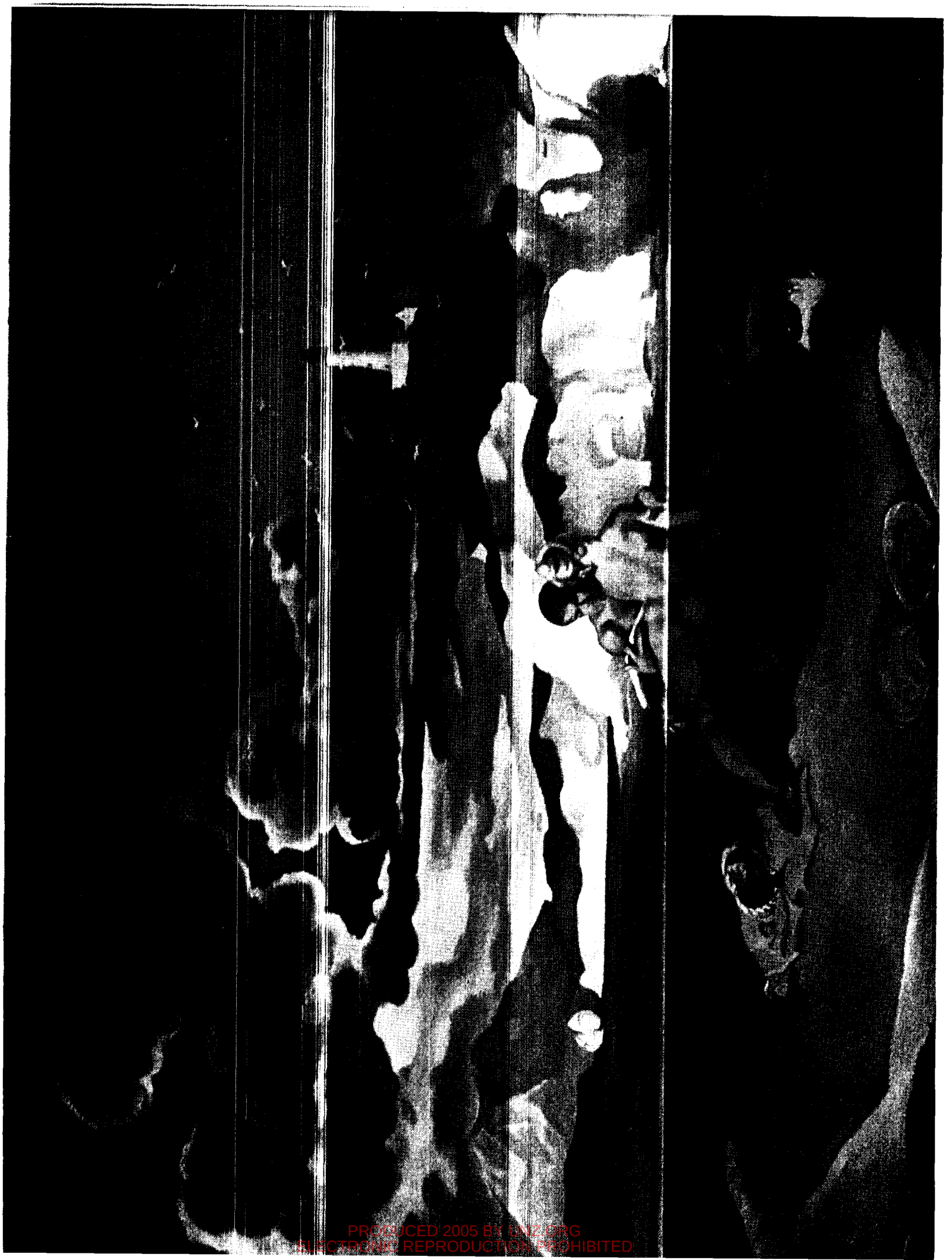

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WILLIAM SPARKS

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BY DON FREEMAN

The beloved delusions of the great American game.

BASEBALL DREAMS

"WHOEVER WANTS TO KNOW THE heart and mind of America had better learn baseball," wrote Jacques Barzun in a line he may regret having written, so platitudinous has it become in its retelling. As Hemingway was to the bullfight, many American writers have been to baseball, rhapsodizing over what is essentially a simple exercise whose every nuance is known instinctively to small boys before they have mastered fractions.

Listen to them: "One reason I have always loved baseball so much," wrote Thomas Wolfe, "is that it has been not merely 'the great national game,' but really a part of the whole weather of our lives, of the thing that is our own, of the whole fabric, the million memories of America."

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"By and large," wrote David Halberstam, "it is the sport that a foreigner is least likely to take to. You have to grow up playing it, you have to accept the love of the bubble-gum card and believe that if the answer to the Mays-Snider-Mantle question is found, then the universe will be a simpler and ordered place."

And from Walt Whitman: "I see great things in baseball. It's our game—the American game."

And it isn't just writers. Old generals also get poetically ecstatic. "When I was a boy growing up in Kansas," wrote Dwight D. Eisenhower, "a friend of mine and I went fishing and as we sat there in the warmth of a summer afternoon on a river bank we talked about what we wanted to do when we grew up. I told him I wanted to be a real major league baseball player, a genuine professional like Honus Wagner. My friend said that he'd like to be president of the United States. Neither of us got our wish."

The list of valentines to baseball is as long and endless as a Fourth of July doubleheader of old. But, of course, they lie. Or, put less harshly, they see the game in the russet glow of wistful and, alas, false remembrance.

Ask them, these idolaters, if they ever once struck out in the ninth inning with the winning run perched at third. Ask them if they ever threw wildly past first base, thus permitting the opposing nine to score the deciding run. Ask them if they ever dropped an easy fly ball to lose the old ball game.

Don't ask them. Ask me. I have committed all of the above. And therein lies the true soul, the Charlie Brown soul, the elusive mystique of the game.

Baseball may seem to be a masculine sport of plain talk—a Harry Truman kind of game—but in reality it is a capriciously feminine inspirer of futile fantasies. Baseball is the pretty girl who declined our invitation to go to the movies on Saturday night because she said she had to wash her hair. And then we asked her to go to the prom six weeks hence, and she said she had plans on that very night to wash her hair again. And we believed her. And we loved her still. It is deified as the national pastime, but what baseball really is, beneath the benign facade, is a metaphor for the national rebuff.

Growing up in Chicago, I was slightly cuckoo about baseball, but baseball responded to my ardor with disdain. Playing this game that consumed my thoughts while yielding no solace, I was loud but mediocre. I "talked it up." But I was a weak stick and my fielding was uncertain. I was also slow afoot—as the old line went, there was larceny in my heart but my feet were honest. And yet I nourished my secret fantasy, which was to play shortstop for the hometown Cubs. A small, snickering voice whispered to me: "Listen, kid, face it—you ain't even a regular on your high school team so how could you ever be a *big league* shortstop?" I heard the small voice and I told it to get lost.

BASEBALL MAY SEEM TO BE A MASCULINE SPORT OF PLAIN TALK— A HARRY TRUMAN TYPE OF GAME— BUT IN REALITY IT IS A CAPRICIOUSLY FEMININE INSPIRER OF FUTILE FANTASIES.

But the fantasy persisted, a white whale to my Ahab. And it lingers on into middle age, for in my dreams at night I see myself roaming stylishly on the greensward and I move with the easy fluidity and grace of a Marty Marion, who played shortstop for the St. Louis Cardinals and was tall and rangy, both of which I am not except in my dreams. In those dreams my uniform is interchangeable. I play for the Cubs and Cards and Giants and Pirates, but never the Yankees or White Sox. I am strictly a National League dreamer. I will see myself playing—no, *starring!*—for the Cubs and we are in Chicago's Wrigley Field. I am Billy Jurges at short and I handle a hard-hit grounder with ease, flipping the ball with a certain insouciance to Billy Herman at second and he in turn throws it to Phil Cavaretta for the double play. It is lovely.

My first memory of listening to the radio was pressing an ear to broadcasts of major league baseball. How vivid those broadcasts were! How much more vivid they were than the picture on a television screen would be in later years. The ballparks described by announcers on the radio of my boyhood seemed a magic Oz.

I reveled in the nicknames of baseball—Lon Warneke was the "Arkansas Hummingbird," Guy Bush was the "Mississippi Mudcat," and they pitched for my beloved Cubs. They had *faces* then (as Gloria Swanson would say about silent movie stars in *Sunset Boulevard*), and they had wondrous nicknames for a boy to cherish and to remember—King Carl, Prince Hal, Big Poison, Little Poison, Dizzy, Daffy, The Bambino, The Yankee Clipper, The Thumper, The Wild Horse of the Osage. And Lefty as in Lefty O'Doul, which Arthur Brisbane, once the dean of lofty pundits, said was the most perfect name for baseball that there ever was.

They still play in my dreams on God's green in ballparks devoid of Astroturf, and they wear uniforms of a single color made out of flannel. I see them playing in my dreams, all of these names from out of baseball's simpler, uncomputerized past, and I am playing with them.

Why am I telling you all this? Perhaps it is because I have been wondering if others, too, have the same baseball dreams. For after so many unrequited years, these dreams must surely be baseball's way of returning our love. ■

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BARD AT BAT

Shakespeare Makes Baseball's Greatest Plays

WILLIAM SPARKS

BY LOUIS PHILLIPS

AT ONE TIME, SHAKESPEARE OWNED PART INTEREST IN A BALL CLUB—THE STRATFORD VARIOrums—and this team once played a series of exhibition games against a team consisting of America's all-time great players. The night of the season opener, Shakespeare and his sister invited me to attend the game with them. We were unfortunately late in arriving at the ball park, so Shakespeare hurried me to my seat:

SHAKESPEARE: "But, sirrah, make haste, Percy is already in the field." (*Henry IV*, IV, ii,74-75)

It took me a moment to realize that Shakespeare was referring to his centerfielder—Joe Percy. Falstaff, the manager of the Variorums, came onto the field to change pitchers. Falstaff wanted a fresh hurler to face Ruth.

ME: Tell me, who's your catcher?
SHAKESPEARE: "Passion, I see, is catching." (*Caesar*, III, i,283)
ME: Number 38. Yogi Passion, catcher. This is a strange line-up.
SHAKESPEARE: "Now name the rest of the players." (*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, I, ii,39)
ME: We have Hector Richmond in right field, Joe Percy in center, Jory Richmond in left, Al Richmond at third, Ajax Richmond at second, Laertes Richmond at first, Titus Richmond at short. . . .
SHAKESPEARE: "I think there be six Richmonds in the field." (*Richard III*, V, iv,11)

Claudius let fly with a fast ball. Ruth hit a towering fly to right.

SHAKESPEARE: "Hector shall have a great catch." (*Troilus and Cressida*, II, i,99-100)
HECTOR *(to himself, in right field)*: "I'll catch it ere it come to ground." (*Macbeth*, III, v, 25)

Alas, Hector did not catch it. He overran the ball, scoring Mantle from second.

SHAKESPEARE: "That's monstrous. O that that were out!" (*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, III, i, 365-366)

Claudius was replaced by a young pitcher named Aumerle (related to Rudy York). A great home run hitter took his place in the batter's box.

SHAKESPEARE: "Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?" (*Titus Andronicus*, IV, ii, 54)
ME: A home run, I should guess.
SHAKESPEARE: "Strike him, Aumerle." (*Richard II*, V, ii,85)

Hank pounded a hard grounder to the first baseman. Ruth broke for third.

SHAKESPEARE: "Come, for the third, Laertes, you do but dally." (*Hamlet*, V, ii,297)

Laertes fired a perfect strike to the third baseman. Ruth hit the dirt.

SHAKESPEARE: "The fool slides. . . . " (*Troilus and Cressida*, III, iii, 215)
ME: That was a great throw from Laertes!

Ruth leapt to his feet and began to argue the call. Bill Martin, manager of the All-Stars, stormed out of the dugout.

SHAKESPEARE'S SISTER: Be calm, brother. Let the umpire decide the question.
SHAKESPEARE: "There is three umpires in the matter I understand." (*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, I, i, 137)
ME: The Babe was safe!
SHAKESPEARE: "Out, dog, out, cur!" (*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, III, ii,65)
ME: Safe! Al missed the tag!
SHAKESPEARE: "Out, I say!" (*Macbeth*, V,i, 35)

Martin was finally ejected from the game. Al Simmons stepped to the plate.

ME: He's going to hit it.
SHAKESPEARE *(taunting the batter)*: "Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it. Thou canst not hit it, my good man." (*Love's Labor's Lost*, IV, i, 125-126)

The pitch was thrown. Simmons swung, missed, and missed again. Edwin Snider was announced as the next batter. He hit a pop fly to Percy.

ME: It's an easy out. . . . Percy's under it.
SHAKESPEARE: "No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch." (*Taming of the Shrew*, II, i,331)

The lead of the American All-Stars held up. Nonetheless, Shakespeare had completely fallen under the spell of baseball. As he and I and his sister left the stadium he turned to me and said:

"I'll make a journey twice as far t'enjoy a second night of such sweet shortness." (*Cymbeline*, II, iv, 43-44)

SR

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NINA SIMONE VOICES HER PERSONAL PAIN AND FRUSTRATED PASSION

BY CYNTHIA KEE

SINGING FOR HER LIFE

ON FEBRUARY 21, 1933, THE SPIRIT OF GENIUS made a capricious pass over Tryon, North Carolina, and touched the sixth child of a family called Waymon. This was a good thing for us because the child, Eunice, turned into Nina Simone, who has made some of the most beautiful and disturbing popular music of the mid-century. Whether it was such a good thing for her is less clear, because it has led her into a life of considerable conflict and torment, both public and private: There is no division between the person and the performer. In early 1984 she arrived in England to sing at Ronnie Scott's jazz club. I was anxious to meet this legendary lady whose singing and piano playing had somehow managed to stir even my musically uneducated perceptions. She was on the first leg of a world tour.

The facts of Nina Simone's life go like this: Her mother and, later, her father were Methodist ministers. There were eight children, all musically gifted. Samuel, the youngest, a professional in his own right, plays almost everything you can think of. He is her manager now, sings with her and supports her in the most remarkable way—he even cuts her hair. When Nina was four her musical ability was recognized by a local lady, an Englishwoman called Mrs. Massanovich, who began teaching her the piano seriously. She studied classical music under several teachers and went to the Juilliard School for a year when she was seventeen. Then she started giving piano lessons herself, moonlighting in clubs at night for the money. She was asked to sing and did so with unexpected and electrifying effect. She changed her name to evade her mother's disapproval. Her first single, "I Loves You Porgy," sold over a million. She soared to fame on a series of songs which defy classification: There are elements of Bach, blues, jazz, folk, and gospel interwoven into a rich and powerful repertoire of love and protest that cuts straight through to the center. In 1963 she married a New York detective-sergeant called Andrew Stroud, made the reputation of the Village Gate in Greenwich Village with him as her manager, and had a daughter, Lisa Celeste.

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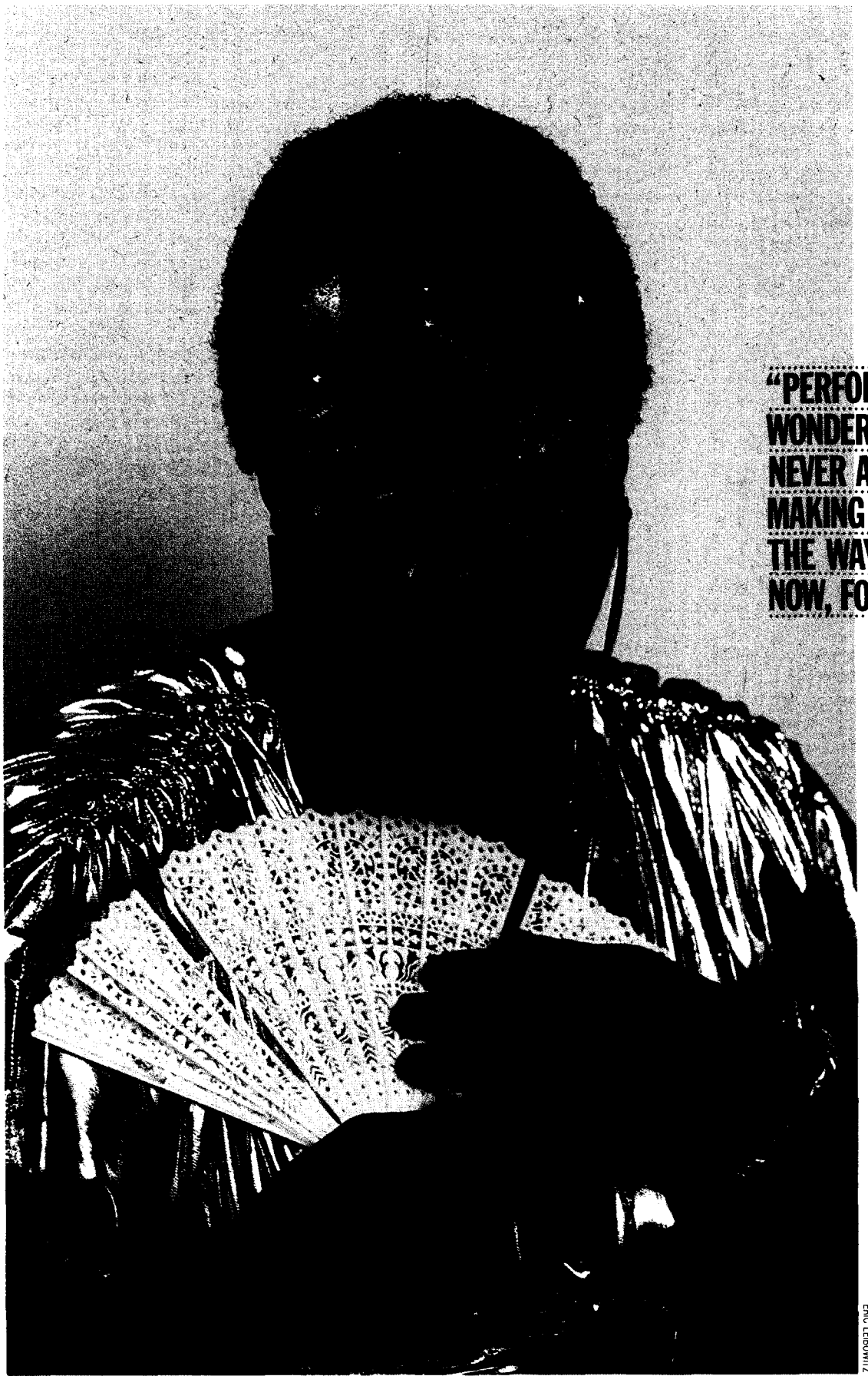

"PERFORMING CAN BE WONDERFUL BUT IT'S NEVER AS GOOD AS MAKING LOVE AND I HATE THE WAY I'M DOING IT NOW, FOR MONEY."

ERIC LEIBOWITZ

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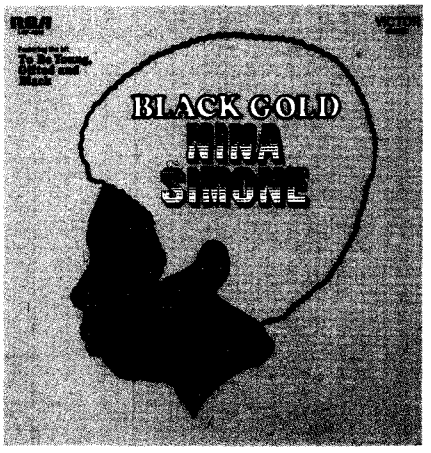
Six years later she left her wedding ring on the dresser (as she sings in "Don't Smoke in Bed") and walked out. She felt she was being manipulated, used as a commodity, which is what she feels about the music business and the record companies in general—and she is probably right in principle if not in small print. Disgusted with America, racial politics, and commercialism, she renounced her country and went to Barbados. When she came back, Andrew Stroud had gone. They divorced, and she took her daughter and went to Liberia, where she was happy and at peace for two years with a man she loved and Miriam Makeba, her greatest friend. In the late '70s, she resumed her career and hit troubles in a big way. According to press reports of the time, some of her concerts were triumphant, some were disastrous, and some hovered uncomfortably in between. In 1978 another Liberian gentleman followed her to London, undertook to subsidize her in style, and let her down. The relationship (which was not sexual) ended violently. Nina Simone was knocked out with a blow to the base of her skull, hospitalized and under medical care for weeks. At that point she seems to have touched bottom, took an overdose of Valium, and went off to live modestly on her own in Geneva. Later that year she started fighting back and made a successful album called *Baltimore*; in 1982 she made another in France called *Fodder on my Wings*. Now she is singing for her life.

When I first saw her at rehearsal on a Monday morning in January, I was startled. She sat heavily at the piano, shrunk within herself like a traumatized baby. ("My body died," she sings.) There was an impression of slumbering power. "C'mon, for God's sake let's *play*," she said flatly, and a burst of sound galvanized the empty room, making my hair stand on end and my spine tingle. Then she sank back into thick torpor. Insecurity about her body, anxiety about whether she is getting enough love and attention, appear to absorb her life-force like a sponge. It's called self-pity, a small word for a powerful emotion that covers an infinite wound. "I must tell you this rehearsal doesn't inspire me one bit," she announced.

The next night I watched both sets at the club. The place was packed, predominantly with young people, which was a surprise. And so it was every night to an extent Ronnie Scott's has seldom known. Shaky and impassive, Simone's tension communicated itself to the audience, holding it magnetized. In the second set, the crowd urged her on, and she broke through. It was like watching and riding a winner in the Grand National.

On Wednesday afternoon I went to her London hotel for our main meeting. "Nina's in the sauna," said her tour manager, some time after I had arrived. She



DISGUSTED WITH AMERICA, RACIAL POLITICS, AND COMMERCIALISM, SHE RENOUNCED HER COUNTRY AND WENT TO BARBADOS.

wasn't. She was in the swimming pool. I caught a glimpse of her shorn head in the blue chlorine, a sea lion in a zoo pool. I waved. She didn't wave back. I went to join her in a poolside chair. Dressed in a plain black maillot with shoestring straps, she was drinking orange juice from a pint glass and chasing it with water. From the front, the brooding hump of depression between neck and shoulder was invisible and she looked stunning. "I've got a good body," she said. "Didn't it show last night?"

She lay back in her chair, crumpled black pumps beside her, slowly pulling a towelling robe around her. Her toenails were painted thick white. "What you want to ask me?" she said, not for the first time and without interest. It was a challenge, heavy as stone. "What's the earliest music you can remember in your family?" I asked. "Oh no, lady." She sat up. "You not going to ask me about music. That's far from my mind and I don't want to talk about my family. . . . I was six months old. My mother told me." "Six months old?" I said. She turned on me. "I was a genius," she said, smoldering with anger and contempt, "a prodigy." Bad temper is her only weapon, so it seems. She is without guile, without charm, without affectation, and it is this raw openness that makes her such an exceptional artist, that makes her so vulnerable—which causes her such pain, which makes resentment clog her voice sometimes when she sings, and so the vicious circle goes.

"I used to look at music," she went on, "turn the pages, look at the notes or something, and I got terribly excited. There was music all the time, hymns and gospel songs. Music bound our family together in love. I played the piano when I was four." Bach was her first love, then Mendelssohn, Haydn, Poulenc, and Simone. She began to grin. "My mother wouldn't allow worldly music, but I played boogie-woogie to my father. He was wonderful. He was a handyman, a gardener." We both looked at her hands for a moment, extraordinary hands with long, strong, square-tipped fingers, the repository of her tranquillity and strength and the obverse of her laden body and halting movements. "I was his favorite child. He called me Baby. There was a family name for me, too. Pig." "Why, what did you eat?" I asked. "My mother's breast, of course," she said fiercely. "I must have been greedy else why did they call me Pig? There never was enough love to go round in our family." ("I want more and more and then some. No, I never will get enough," she sings.)

She lay back and tried to rest her head in the canvas curve of the chair. Then she sat up. "I want my pills," she said. "I'm so tense. I been here an hour and a half and I can't relax. I've got a masseuse coming at six [it was 4:45]. I can't find peace. I haven't got a lover." She sat up, feet on the floor, immobilized—I felt—between fight, flight, and tears. "Shall I massage you?" I said with more bravado than I felt, because she is frightening, too. "You a

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WORKING WITH A NEW PERSPECTIVE

BY MICHAEL MUSTO

Nina Simone Today

"WE DID IT, DIDN'T WE?" SHOUTED NINA Simone's co-manager Ed Singleton exuberantly after her recent concert at New York's Town Hall. "Can you believe it? Nina's back!"

If he had thrown confetti and popped open champagne, no one would have accused him of overreacting. Not only did Simone show up on time—a blessing in itself—but she delivered a performance that sent her coterie of die-hard fans into a frenzy.

She even showed up on time for this *SR* interview, announcing a new Nina whose defiance and controversiality wouldn't result in any more letdowns for her fans, a Nina who's willing to conform. "We do what we're supposed to do," she said, uncharacteristically. "If people support me, I will come to all my concerts. I have new managers who are counting on me, and I don't want to let *them* down, either."

You come to a Nina Simone interview expecting her to bite off your head, spit it out, and turn it into a song. When she proclaims her new compliant agreeability, you're a little concerned for her, if relieved for yourself. But not to worry—the walking, singing dictionary of eccentricities has hardly turned into Olivia Newton-John. She's still idiosyncratic and self-absorbed, tossing off irritable opinions on everything from humankind in general ("I don't like people that much. I don't like to deal with them unless they're in front of me as an audience. I like animals—I have two dogs. Dogs don't disappoint") to touring ("I hate one-nighters. You wonder what you did them for later") to the media ("They build you up to shoot you down") to New York ("I can only take it for twenty-eight hours at a time"), lightening up only when it comes to the subject of her own timeless appeal. Told that her fans don't just like her, they worship her,

she coolly replies, "Yes, they do. I love it."

All the no-shows, Simone explains, were her attempt to draw attention to the fact that she wasn't getting paid royalties she's still owed. "I thought it would make the public do something about it if I didn't show up—they'd want to find out what happened and boycott RCA and Bethlehem Records. After all, they did it for Martin Luther King."

But in the process of making her statement, wasn't she taking it out on her fans? It's the new conformist Nina who responds, "I was, and that wasn't fair. I deeply regret that I wasn't thinking about them as I should have. But those days are over. I do as I'm told. And as far as the royalties, we're going to get an attorney."

Her fans can look forward to the May 15 debut of her fifty-first album, *Nina's Back*. Recorded partly in Europe, partly in California, Simone announces her return with songs like Rod Stewart's "Passion," a narrated version of "Porgy," and her brother Sam Waymon's tune "Saratoga."

Her almost apologetic tone is just one of the features the new Nina's acquired in the last year; she's picked up those new managers, revamped the cast of her personal life because "they were all disappointing me" (she kept the two dogs), and moved from France to California, explaining, "They're too poor in France. They kept begging me for whatever I had. They cheat you there; they're complete thieves. They don't like music. Plus it's damp and rainy all the time."

In concert, the negativity transmutes into bizarre brilliance; the woman's clearly at ease when left alone with just herself, her music and the adoring crowd. Slumped over the piano in glittery lamé that hardly mirrors her mood, she dispenses her emotions sparingly but dramatically.

Through a diversity of material that includes everything but blues ("I do not like blues, dear, unless the song has an up feeling"), her foghorn voice rings out with a clarion cry of pain and attention-desperation that her studied blasé manner underlines ever more. When she deigns to stand up and do a tortured little dance in the middle of a tribal song, the audience roars its approval. "Give it to me, give it to me," she commands, "I need it," and they roar twice as loud.

This mini-tour involves a handful of American cities, four whole weeks in London, and very few one-night stands. There's a video yet to be made which will accompany the release of the new album, and then her two appearances for the Newport Jazz Festival (Avery Fisher Hall, New York City, June 26 and Hampton Beach, Virginia, June 28). Does she get jaded about performing? "Yes, but I rely on my craft. And I swim a lot and scuba dive." It makes her happier—but not too happy. The woman who's made a career out of dissatisfaction admits she'll probably never be truly happy. "I'm satisfied being contented with life," she says glumly, her face immobile. "I don't think we can persuade happiness to come through the door. We're very lucky if we have it. But contentment is the essence of life—and it's better than depression." ■

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professional?" she said scathingly. "I want my pills." I offered to telephone for them. When I came back she had taken off her robe. "What about that massage?" she said. I stood behind her. Her skin was amazing, smooth, rich, and flawless, like her voice at its best. "I don't do anything to it," she said when I commented.

She does not do anything to her voice, either. She does not appear to train and she does not practice the piano. "I don't have one," she said. Her piano is in Geneva, along with all her clothes. "They've taken my apartment away from me. I spent too long in America. I want my home and I want my clothes." "But why should they have taken it away just for being in America?" I asked. "Didn't pay the rent," she said. (She has now.) "I assumed it was all right. I didn't know. I assume too much. I assume people will understand my meaning, stay in tune, give me what I need." "Like you assumed the guitarist, Dick Abel, should follow you at rehearsal the other morning even though it wasn't written in the music?" I said. "Like that," she replied.

Nina Simone has lost many things through not knowing either how much they meant to her or how much they cost to keep, and she wants them back. She is trapped by the weight of her losses, and the burden accrues as she grows older. She lost her husband "through work. He was the best manager I ever had but he drove me too hard. I wish he was around now." She lost her Liberian lover, too. As she talked about Liberia, where they treat her right and feed her right, where the beaches are beautiful and they give her Babycham champale to drink, her voice softened and old, familiar musical notes floated into it. "I left him while I went away to work and he married someone else. I didn't know. My mother should have advised me. I'd have listened to her, but she wouldn't tell me. She doesn't like my career. My father did. He loved my career. I miss my mother. I wish I had her. I had two mothers, a black one and a white one. I never noticed being black as a child, I was special anyway. Mrs. Massanovich was my white mother, and I never thought about being black till I went up for a scholarship at the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia. I was too good not to get it but they turned me down. It was racial prejudice. It wouldn't happen now but it did then. I couldn't get over it. I haven't got over it now. Juilliard accepted me but Curtis turned me down. I wish I wasn't a genius. It's so isolated. I don't know why I'm a mirror to other people's feelings. I could never be ordinary but I want to be special to *someone*—and I want a home. Performing can be wonderful but it's never as good as making love and I hate the way I'm doing it now, for money. I have no idea what's going to happen when I'm up on the stand. We set the songs, of course, but it's not a performance. I never know. Maybe my body will

SHE IS WITHOUT GUILE, WITHOUT CHARM, WITHOUT AFFECTATION, AND IT IS THIS RAW OPENNESS THAT MAKES HER SUCH AN EXCEPTIONAL ARTIST

let me down. I feel all in pieces. I'm trapped and I haven't got a lover."

At this point in our conversation, Simone remembered something. "I have got a lover here," she said. "He came on the first night. Why hasn't he been back? I must call him." She walked to the telephone at the other end of the pool. I got up to watch her make the call in her black bathing-costume. Every now and then she looked round, then she came back. "He did call," she said. "Sam got in touch with him." We spoke about unhappiness, what off her robe. "What about that massage?" she said. I stood behind her. Her skin was amazing, smooth, rich, and flawless, like her voice at its best. "I don't do anything to it," she said when I commented.

a great destroyer it is and how selfish it makes one. "So don't let's talk about these things any more," she said.

"What would you like to talk about?" I asked. "Fashion," said Simone. "I love fashion." So she talked about the best garment she ever had, a dress made of many colored ribbons woven together and made into a dress with a high neck, floating sleeves, and a train ten feet long. She wore it at Carnegie Hall and she felt like a queen. Then she described the dress she wore for her first public recital as a classical pianist. It was made of white linen with a high neck and short sleeves. "Good clothes are even better than no clothes," she said with a big, slow smile.

It was quarter to six. Simone rose. "Come up with me," she said. Up the stairs we went, a deliberate process through the hotel lobby, stopping on the way to buy some Vaseline for her hair. In the lift she said that she dreamed a lot and that her dreams were always good ("The nightmares come in the day"), and that the songs she writes come to her whole along with the tune and she puts them straight onto tape. We reached her room. A valet was delivering some cleaned clothes. There was a huge bed, several dozen red roses, a suitcase and a bag (both open and not yet unpacked). "Have a chocolate," she said, switching on the lamps. There was a knock at the door. Simone went on switching. "Just a minute," she called. There was another knock. She opened the door. A nice white man in a blue suit sood there. "Geoffrey!" said Simone. "Why you surprise me like this? I've got a massage at six. I won't need it now." She went over and turned down the bedspread. The gentleman and I shook hands. "Aren't you going to join us?" he said agreeably.

Her singing was good that night and better the next. By Saturday, I had some notion of the punishing boredom and tension that go with performing twice nightly. She had a setback that day that troubled her greatly: The drummer had to leave and was replaced by an unfamiliar one. I watched her rehearse with him in the afternoon. It was an uncomfortable experience and I feared the worst. But that night, after a heavy start, she suddenly pulled something out and sang like she had never sung before. The audience went wild. It was impressive and moving. All I could do was send her some Babycham. SR

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DRAWING BOARD

WILLIAM WEGMAN

LET'S GIVE WILLIAM WEGMAN SOME credit. Not every artist happily squares off with contentious topics like how to pick up girls, borrowing Dad's car, and whether or not the human ear is ever really clean. Wegman meets these and other issues head-on in his recently released first book of drawings, *Everyday Problems.* It is a book, he admits, that's "not for everybody."

But then universal appeal probably isn't something the forty-two-year-old Wegman has come to expect. Three years ago he collaborated with his Weimaraner, the late Man Ray, on a work entitled *Man's Best Friend,* a collection of Polaroids of his stolid pet in a variety of costumes. He is also known for his eclectic videotapes, which have been shown on "The David Letterman Show," "Saturday Night Live" and "The Tonight Show." "I'm termed a conceptual artist now," he says. "But I suppose once you've been to art school they have to call you something."

The art school was in Boston, on the opposite end of the state from where Wegman grew up in East Longmeadow, Massachusetts. From there he moved on to the University of Illinois for an M.F.A. and later lived in California before finally settling in New York City in the late '70s. Along the way his one-man shows have been seen in galleries around the world, and his photographs have appeared in numerous American publications.

Wegman's next project will be a video parody of how-to books called *The World of Photography.* He recently completed a series of photographic portraits of Steve Martin, some of which show the comedian standing with his foot in a bucket.

As for *Everyday Problems,* Wegman appears quite satisfied with the response so far. "Most people don't like all of the drawings but they like one or two of them a lot. They don't really fit anybody's idea of what cartoons are, so I suppose it's the kind of book you're stuck with."

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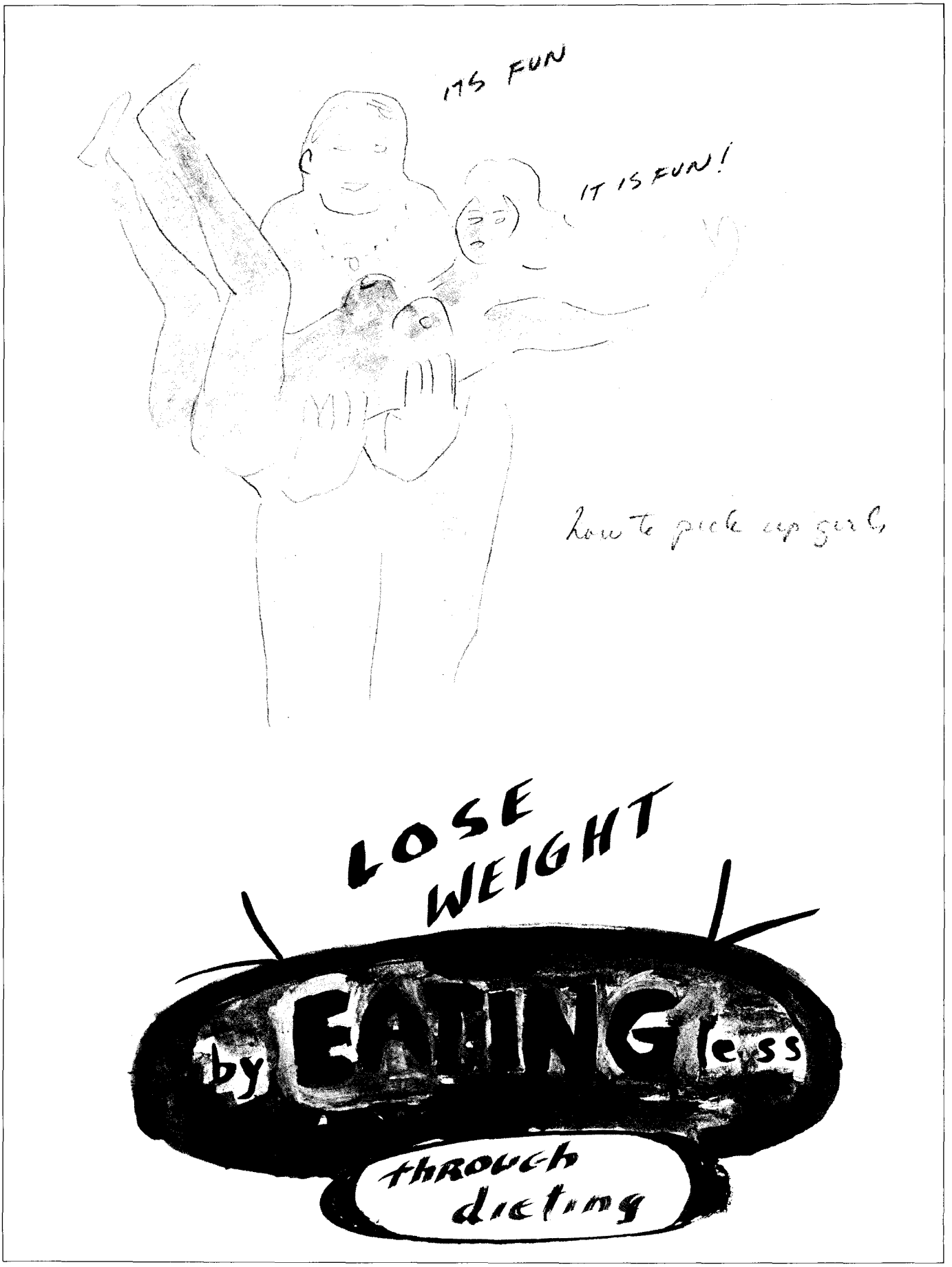

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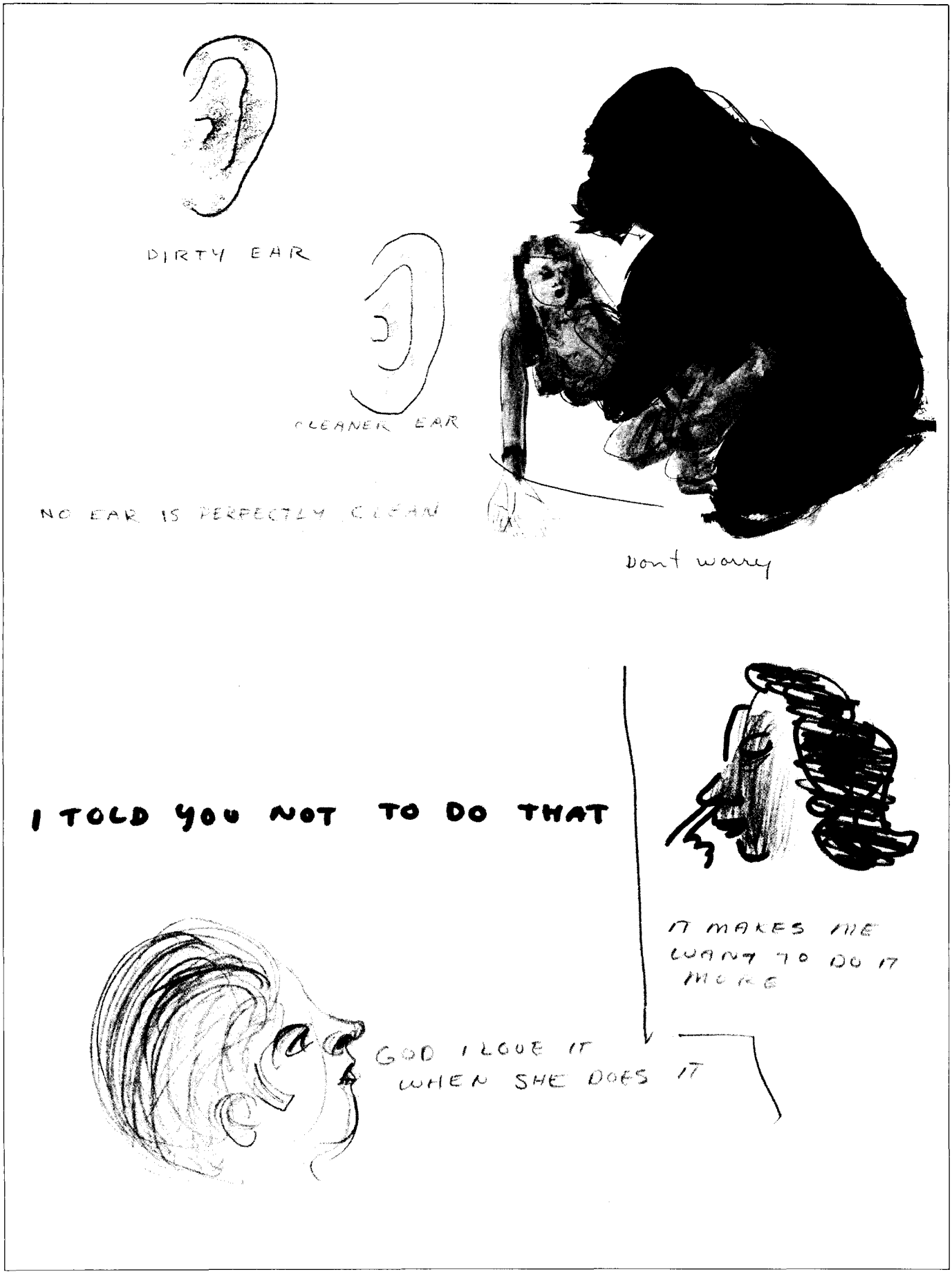
DIRTY EAR
CLEANER EAR
NO EAR IS PERFECTLY CLEAN
Dont worry
I TOLD YOU NOT TO DO THAT
IT MAKES ME WANT TO DO IT MORE
GOD I LOVE IT WHEN SHE DOES IT

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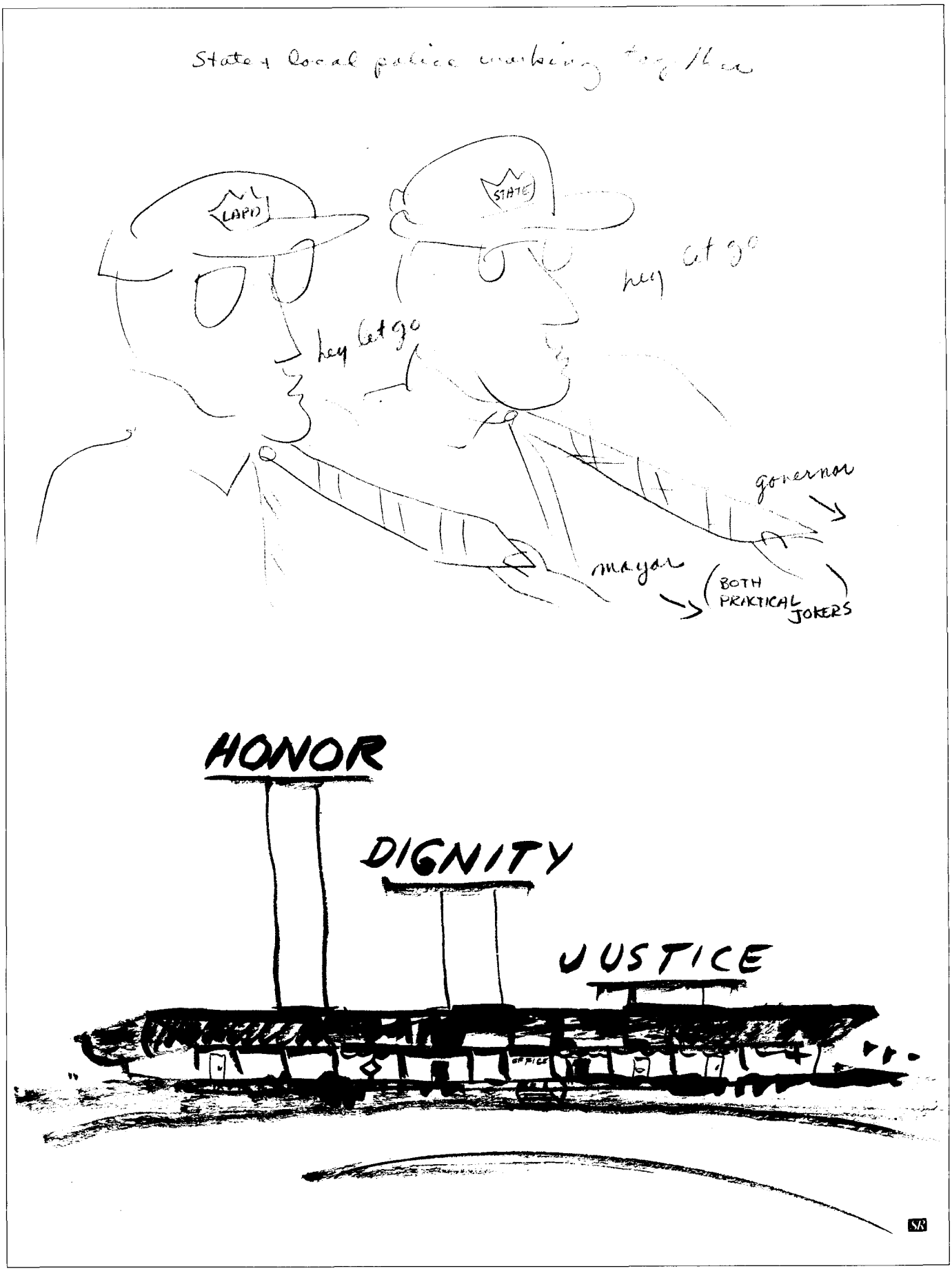

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WINE

by Jerome Cramer

PORT TRAITS

PORT WINE: THE NAME CONJURES UP IMages of English country houses, large dinners after a hunt, aristocrats toasting king and country.

Produced in the Douro region of northern Portugal (Oporto is the town that exports the wine and gives it its name), the distinctive, hearty drink is closely intertwined with English history. In 1373 the two nations signed the Treaty of Perpetual Friendship, and England obtained the right to import this unique spirit in exchange for the opening of English waters to Portuguese fishermen.

Port is not strictly a wine but is classified as a "fortified spirit." After the fat, sugary grapes have been harvested and crushed (many vintage port grapes still are crushed by very clean Portuguese feet), the juice, or "must," is pumped into large fermenting vats. Within approximately forty-eight hours the must—now a sweet, purple liquid of approximately seven percent alcohol—is transferred into wooden casks or cement vats, and a quantity of grape brandy is added.

This fortification stops the natural fermentation of the grapes and allows the wine to retain most of its natural sugar and flavor. The brandy also adds its own special flavor to the port and raises the alcohol content to approximately twenty percent.

Two years after the harvest, English shippers such as Cockburn, Taylor, and Sandeman (who have run shipping warehouses near Oporto for centuries) taste the port and declare whether it is good enough to be considered a vintage. If so declared, the port must be bottled by the end of the third year after the harvest. Some of the best recent vintage years: 1955, 1958, 1960, 1963, 1966, 1970, 1977.

When first bottled, a young vintage port will be sharp and sweet and taste of fruit, and will carry a bright purple color. As it ages—port was among the first wines to be aged in bottles—and the brandy marries to the wine, the harshness of the color will mellow to a deep red, and the flavor will peak.

DENISE CHAPMAN

Traditionally, port is served after dinner with strong Stilton cheese or nuts, and the decanter is always passed around the table clockwise.

Aging of vintage port in the bottle takes considerable time—we're talking *slow* here. Most vintage port peaks at between fifteen to twenty-five years, and many fine ports can be drunk after forty or fifty years with little hint of deterioration. The good news: Many shippers expect the 1970 vintage, which still can be purchased at reasonable prices, to be memorable.

There are several other types of nonvintage port that should be considered. *Late bottled vintage port* is so called because it is kept longer in wood—usually five years—and often is a blend of wine grapes from different vineyards, though all from the same year. *Vintage character port* is blended from first-class wines not all of which are necessarily from vintage years. *Crusted port*, like vintage character port, is a blend of wines that spends more time aging in wood before it is bottled. It closely resembles vintage port except that it does not age as well in the bottle and should be drunk sooner. *Wood port* makes up the bulk of the wine produced in nonvintage years and is aged in casks until bottled and ready for drinking. Wood ports are named ruby or tawny. The ruby is rather sweet and should be drunk young; tawnies are aged for up to twenty years and are lighter, smoother, and more mellow than ruby.

Because vintage port throws off a great deal of sediment, or crust, as it is called, it should be filtered and decanted before being served. Stand the bottle up for two or three days before opening to allow the crust to settle. Experts argue over the method of straining, but one recommended way is to pour the port into a decanter through a screen of damp cheesecloth or a clean linen handkerchief.

Once you begin pouring port into the decanter, never set the bottle upright. To keep the crust from getting stirred up, keep the bottle tilted. Pour slowly, allow the liquid to filter, and pour a little more. The port should sit in the decanter and breathe for several hours before being served.

Traditionally, port is served after dinner with strong Stilton cheese or nuts, and the decanter is always passed around the table clockwise. At English universities great play still is put on this tradition, and even in America it's considered a social gaffe to pass the port the wrong direction.

Prices vary according to age and liquor store, but expect to pay at least $22-$25 for a 1970 vintage, perhaps the newest port that should be drunk. Most 1966 vintage port has nearly doubled in price in the last year, liquor store owners say, and the price can range from $45-$70 for a Sandeman or Quinto do Noval. SR

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TRADEWINDS

by William Cole

MEN OF NOTE

CANNILY CHOSEN

AMONG MY FAVORITE ABBREVIATIONS are tpke, bkfst, and Jno Wms—that's the squeezed-down version of Jonathan Williams, poet, folklorist, suave man of the world, and publisher of extremely handsome books of poetry and photography through his nonprofit Jargon Society. A book of his own poetry has just come out in a new, expanded edition, *Blues & Roots/Rue & Bluets* (Duke University Press, $20 and $10). For the most part the contents are cannily chosen folk sayings, graffiti and found poems from southern Appalachia, where he spends half his time (the other half he spends in England). Here's one little entry that seems to have become his anthology piece—I've come across it in at least three. It's titled "Aunt Creasy, On Work":

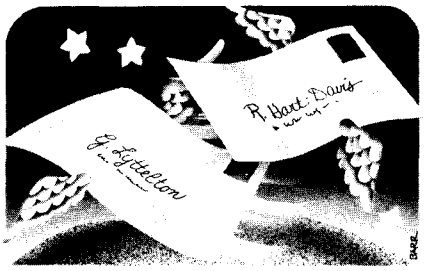
shucks
I make the livin

uncle
just makes the livin
worthwhile

CELESTIAL CORRESPONDENCE

Some of the most glorious reading of my life is in the two volumes of *The Lyttelton Hart-Davis Letters* (Academy Chicago, Vol. I, $13.95, Vol. II, $14.95). When the first volume came out last year, I wrote in a newspaper review, "Both minds are particularly well-stocked, both are great readers. They quote funny and obscure things to one another, tell mildly raunchy anecdotes, and discuss eccentrics among their fellows." The "they" are a retired teacher, George Lyttelton, and his former Eton pupil, Rupert Hart-Davis, the London publisher. The two volumes cover the years 1955-1958.

When the correspondence began, Lyttelton was seventy-two and Hart-Davis was forty-eight. And what fun they have! They exchange prejudices, puzzling over why neither can appreciate Jane Austen, agreeing on a mutual loathing of F.R. Leavis, and suspecting (wrongly) that George Orwell is a flash-in-the-pan. There



LOEL BARR

Lyttelton and Hart-Davis quote funny and obscure things to one another, tell mildly raunchy anecdotes and discuss eccentrics among their fellows.

are many enlightening stories exchanged about friends and contemporaries: Max Beerbohm, Hilaire Belloc, Maugham, Shaw, T.S. Eliot. There's the story of Winston Churchill in later years in the House of Commons, when a colleague tactfully told him that several of his fly-buttons were undone, and Churchill replied, "No matter. The dead bird does not leave the nest." And Lyttelton, who lives deep in Suffolk, comments, "Did you know that geese are very fond of music? They flock into the corner of their pen when my wireless is on. They were clearly indignant at Schubert's symphony being unfinished." Eventually, I had to ration myself to no more than five pages at a time, lest I gulp the whole thing at one sitting. And the good news is that there are four more volumes of this celestial correspondence yet to come!

TWO GOLDEN BOYS

Born a year apart, died a year apart, Delmore Schwartz and Randall Jarrell were the Golden Boys of American literature. Each was a poet and critic, and each published fiction. Each married twice, and each had severe mental problems. Another thing in common: They were both close friends of Robert Lowell, who had his own mental troubles. Now, a few months apart, we have books of their letters: *Letters of Delmore Schwartz*, edited by Robert Phillips (Ontario Review Press, distributed by Persea Books, $24.95) and *Randall Jarrell's Letters*, edited by his widow, Mary Jarrell (Houghton Mifflin, $29.95). They were acquainted, but they held each other at arm's length. I knew and admired both, and there are literary-business letters to me in both collections. As college teachers, they had to indulge in the lit biz, and there are letters from each to the great panjandrums of literary academia, Allen Tate and John Crowe Ransom.

Delmore was the star of the *Partisan Review*, America's most influential literary magazine, and his correspondence ranged far: William Carlos Williams, Conrad Aiken, Dwight Macdonald, Wallace Stevens (an odd feeling to see that austere man addressed by young Delmore as "Dear Wallace"). There's a letter to Ezra Pound, in reaction to some of Pound's crazier anti-Semitic foamings: "I want to resign as one of your most studious and faithful admirers." Delmore's leaping mind unfortunately eventually leapt into paranoia, and he died, alone and destitute, in a Times Square hotel in 1966.

Randall Jarrell was an electric man, very much the enthusiast, given to exclaiming (and writing) an emphatic "Gee!" His dedication was to poetry, but he was best as a penetrating and sometimes vicious critic, and author of that delightful novel, *Pictures From An Institution*. In one letter he writes, "My temperament amuses me: when I'm alone (or with people who bore me) I'm so indifferent and reasonable, and when I'm with a lot of friends and interesting people I'm gay, excited, and say things I'm proud of or regret." He was run over and killed by a car in 1965, after a year of irrational behavior and a suicide attempt. There remains some doubt about whether the accident was suicide or not. Neither man was a great letter writer, but both collections are important to have if you care about the intellectual, literary, and academic life of the 1940s and 1950s. SR

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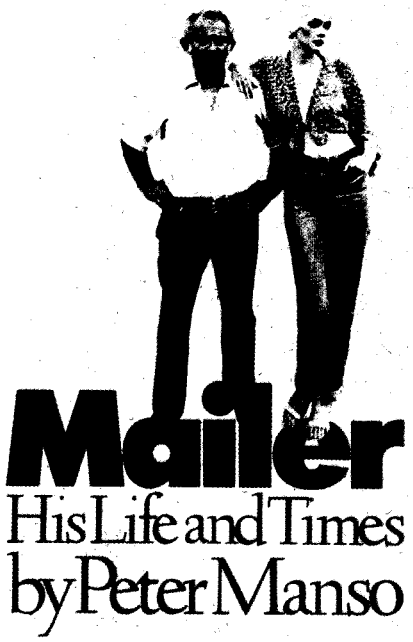
BOOKS



Mailer: His Life and Times

by PETER MANSO

Simon and Schuster, 784 pp., $19.95

HERE IS A BIG COMPOSITE BIOGRAPHY OF the writer-celebrity as described by nearly one hundred and fifty of Norman Mailer's nearest and dearest, peers and rivals, admirers and cronies. We hear from editors and publishers, next of kin and former employees, two of the five Mailer wives, and are treated to the subject's own letters to friends and other interpolations. It all reads—and this seems appropriate to a figure who might stand for Controversy itself—like an artfully arranged collection of courtroom depositions.

We follow Mailer's crowded, eventful life from Brooklyn to Harvard, Army duty in the South Pacific, and early literary success through the '50s and '60s when he emerged and scandalized New York City "under the stress of drugs," drinking, politicking, and writing, always writing. The book climaxes with several dramatic perspectives on Mailer's ill-fated involvement with convicted killer and writer Jack Henry Abbott. Despite its hit-and-run format, this is a sophisticated and fascinating portrait that vividly evokes Mailer's complicated personality and has the sense to treat him not as a posturing rebel, but as an important writer of real accomplishment, who seems to be more in tune with this age of dangerous excess than the rest of us care, or dare, to be.

—Bruce Allen

The House of the Spirits

by ISABEL ALLENDE

Translated from the Spanish by Magda Bogin

Knopf, 384 pp., $17.95

THIS COLORFUL AND LAVISHLY EVENTFUL novel, its author's first, traces the twentieth-century history of a volatile family increasingly involved in the history of an impoverished, embattled South American country that stands, quite clearly, for Allende's native Chile (she is the niece of the murdered Chilean president Salvador Allende). It's a tale of unending, burgeoning conflict—between Esteban Trueba, a conservative, paternalistic landowner, and his wife, Clara, an abstracted idealist who possesses clairvoyant and telepathic powers and exists, essentially, "in some unknown, other dimension where he could never reach her"; and among the Truebas' children, and their children's children, lovers, comrades, and enemies. The novel's actions dramatize the experience, and consequences, of political commitment: Sympathy for, then solidarity with, the revolutionary poor contradicts the determination to preserve social order; families splinter apart, and there ensues a progression of tragedies that has ominous universal implications.

The Truebas inhabit a world where "the impossible" occurs with disturbing matter-of-fact frequency (ghosts and spirits perambulate, laws of gravity and probability are unaccountably suspended). It should perhaps be noted that this book is assembled according to the pattern of "magical realism" performed (if not invented) by Gabriel Garcia Marquez. Still, it's an explosively original work—a stern, monitory political statement encapsulated within an irresistibly entertaining narrative. This is a major work, and an amazing debut.

—Bruce Allen

Lords of the Plain

by MAX CRAWFORD

Atheneum, 352 pp., $14.95

MAX CRAWFORD'S NEW NOVEL IS ABOUT the final subduing of the Comanches in the staked plains of west Texas, the awesome country of the *Llano Estacado*. It begins with Captain Philip Chapman's journey from San Antonio to Fort Pulgas on the Texas frontier, where he serves under Major MacSwain, a tortured, foppish man driven by the obsession to kill Indians. The Comanches are separated into two groups: the Meat Eaters under Chief Bad Hand, who have chosen to survive on the white man's terms rather than be wiped out; and the hopeless but proud Wanderers under the mythical Tehana Storm, a halfbreed who so hates

PETER PEITSCH

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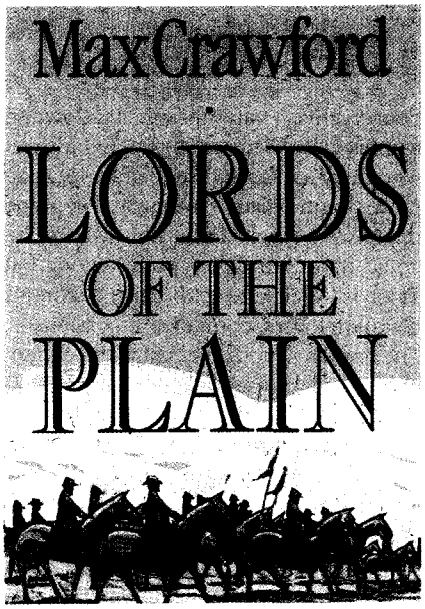


the whites that he paints himself black when he goes into battle.

Crawford's protagonist tells his story in a style reminiscent of a personal journal, with language of impressive authenticity. In the early pages, the action moves with the odd starts and stops, the anticlimaxes and non sequiturs, of real life. Further along, the tale becomes more novelistic, with more rounding out of incidents and relationships. Yet throughout, the style has a certain underspoken eloquence—the voice of one who has seen enough that he need not exaggerate.

The page-by-page detail of this novel is superb. A company of calvary waking up before dawn, a buffalo hunt, the experience of a Texas norther, the taste of gypsum water, the confusion and pathos of battles between Indians and calvary—all are vivid and compelling. At least two of the numerous minor characters in the book are unforgettable.

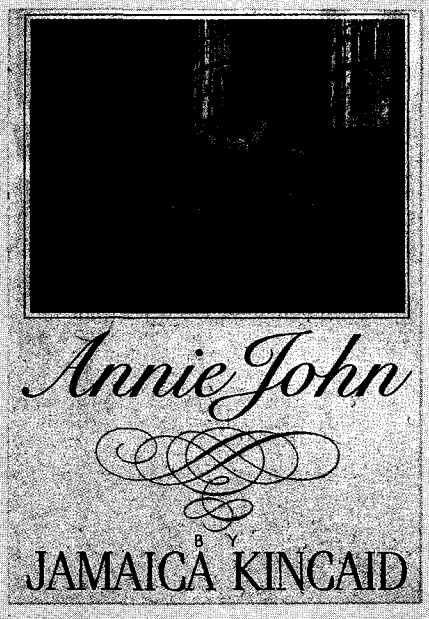
One could find fault with the novelistic side of *Lords of the Plain*. The plot, in places, interferes with the sense of the book as a journal, and the portrayal of some of the Indians is conventionally soft and hortatory—particularly Tehana Storm, whose speechmaking abilities are too good to be true; but these are quibbles. This is an outstanding chronicle of the American West, recommended even to those readers who don't think they are interested in "westerns."

—Speer Morgan

FIRST NOVEL

Annie John
by JAMAICA KINCAID
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 142 pp., $11.95

HOLDEN CAULFIELD, I'D LIKE TO INTRODUCE you to Annie John. Now take it easy, H.C., I don't mean you have to go out on a *date*, or anything as goofy as that. Just talk to her. You've got a lot in common. You both have that quirky, precocious intelligence that slices like a laser through adult pretension. You both wrap yourselves in a protective cocoon of self-righteousness. And you're both loners. Not that you'd care, but I must tell you that she's black, that she grew up on the island of Antigua, and that her love-hate relationship with her mother and the island of her birth has been recounted in a sparkling first novel.



Does the world really need another coming-of-age novel? Probably not. Even thirty years later, Salinger's *Catcher in the Rye* makes most attempts superfluous. Still, *Annie John* is a worthy addition to the literature of this genre, as much for its unique ambiance as for its anguished adolescent.

Kincaid takes us to a world beyond the beachfront hotels, to a Caribbean culture unaffected by tourist dollars and third-world politics. Annie's father is a carpenter. She and her mother are inseparable, living an idyllic existence that Annie wants to go on forever. Even the most mundane details of their lives seem exciting to her. Those details are so foreign to the reader that they seem exciting to us, too. Realizing this, Kincaid delivers them straightforwardly, and the result is an understated power.

Most of the action in *Annie John* takes place in the heroine's head—her responses to the innumerable small crises of growing up. Most disturbing to her is the sea change in her relationship with her mother that occurs as Annie approaches puberty. No longer is she allowed to wear dresses cut from the same cloth as her mother. "You just cannot go around the rest of your life looking like a little me," she says. This seemingly innocuous statement washes Annie with dread.

"To say that I felt the earth swept away from under me would not be going too far. It wasn't just what she said, it was the way she said it. No accompanying little laugh. No bending over and kissing my little wet forehead (for suddenly I turned hot, then cold, and all my pores must have opened up, for fluids just flowed out of me)."

Seeing her sheltered life threatened, Annie clings desperately to the appurtenances of childhood. With guerrilla-like intensity she resists all her mother's attempts to widen her world. In manners class she makes "farting-like" noises while being taught to curtsy and is dismissed. She steals from the piano teacher's bowl of plums and is expelled from music lessons. The rebellions become more serious, if more covert, as she gets older. Her relationship with her increasingly inflexible mother becomes more and more strained. At fifteen, in a final, if unconscious, resistance, she falls into a dreamlike sickness for three months. She recovers, but her recovery is bittersweet, as for the first time she acknowledges the full weight of adulthood.

". . . the whole world into which I was born had become an unbearable burden and I wished I could reduce it to some small thing that I could hold underwater until it died."

So Holden, do you want to meet this girl, or what?

—Bruce VanWyngarden

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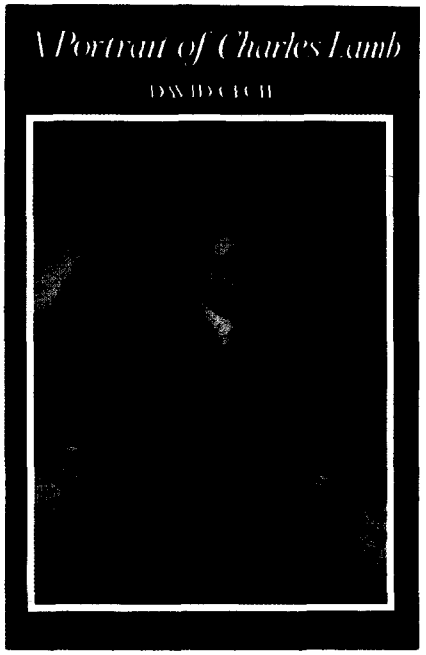
A Portrait of Charles Lamb

by DAVID CECIL

Scribner's, 192 pp., $19.95

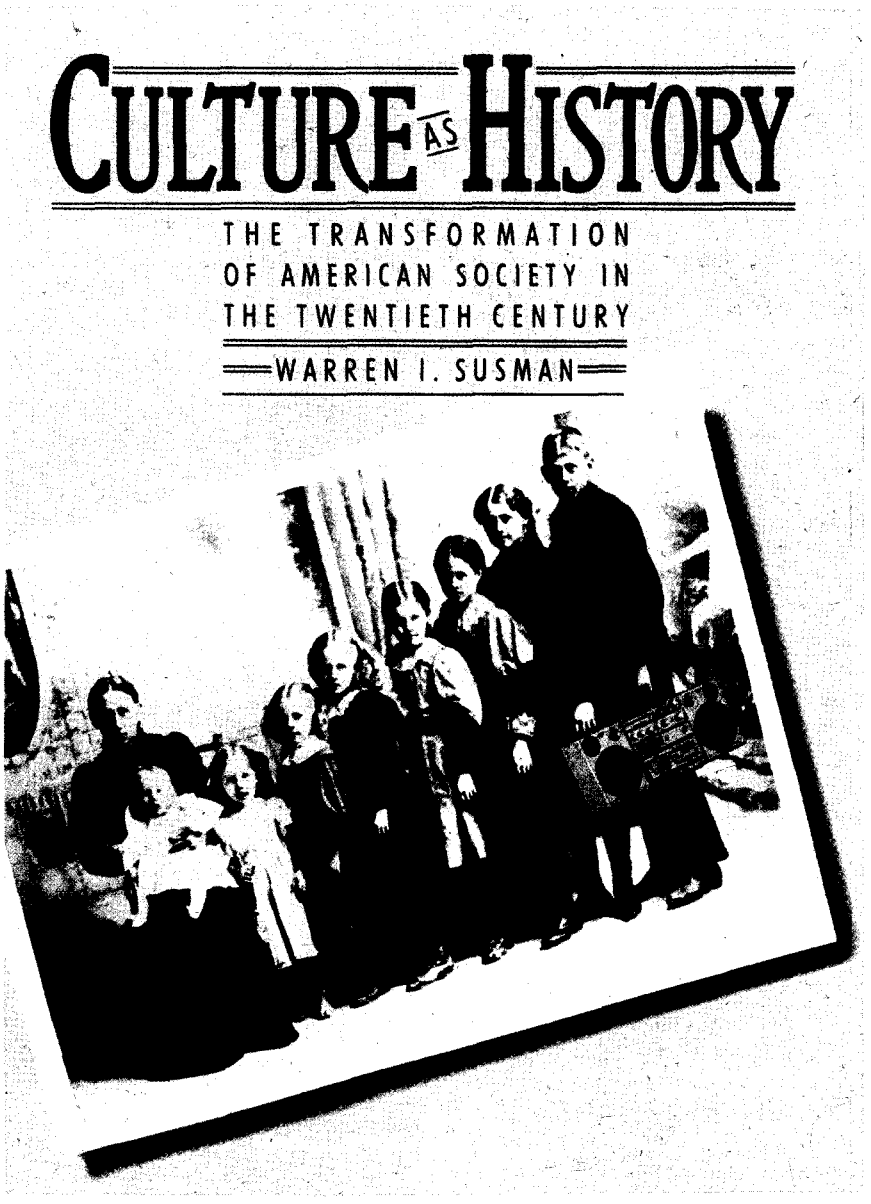
CHARLES LAMB IS ONE OF THOSE WRITERS, ideal for biographies, who deserve to be remembered as much for the anecdotes about them as for their work. Lamb's personality was a compound of paradoxes. He was a deeply melancholy man with an irrepressible, mischievous sense of humor. He was worldly and unworldly: fond of food and drink, he dressed in Quaker black and lived very simply; a religious skeptic, he spent his life in saintly self-sacrifice; a lover of contemporary London, he took more interest in the seventeenth century than in his own.

The critical incident of his life was a macabre tragedy reminiscent of one of his favorite Jacobean plays. When he was



twenty-one, his older sister Mary, in a fit of madness, picked up a table knife and stabbed their invalid mother to death. He devoted the rest of his life to caring for Mary. During the long periods when she was lucid and not confined to asylums, she shared his lodgings and social life. Together they wrote the popular children's book *Tales From Shakespeare.*

Lamb's essays have not held up as well as those of his friend Hazlitt; they are too often cloyingly quaint and mannered. But



JUDGING A BOOK BY ITS COVER

David Tran was born in North Vietnam and grew up in Saigon. He came to this country in 1970 and attended Northern Virginia Community College. He transferred to and graduated from New York's School of Visual Arts in 1984 and was hired by Atheneum's art department. He apprenticed on several jackets, including Orville Schell's *To Get Rich Is Glorious.* The jacket for *Culture as History, SR*'s choice for the best recent book jacket art, was his first solo assignment.

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Lamb at his best is the essay at its best—intimate, unpredictable, light in touch. In this brisk but sympathetic biography, Lord David Cecil, perhaps best known for his life of Max Beerbohm, does ample justice to Lamb's endearing eccentricity and uneven work. He traces, through anecdotes and letters, Lamb's friendships with Coleridge and Wordsworth and gives us some idea of the witty, mercurial conversation that won him the loyalty of these and other literary friends. But the book is as much a picture album of Regency London as a portrait of Lamb; through the dozens of handsomely reproduced contemporary prints and portraits we get a glimpse of the streets, theaters, houses, taverns, and friends that Lamb, above all else a loyal Londoner, affectionately evoked in his best essays.

—Lawrence Klepp

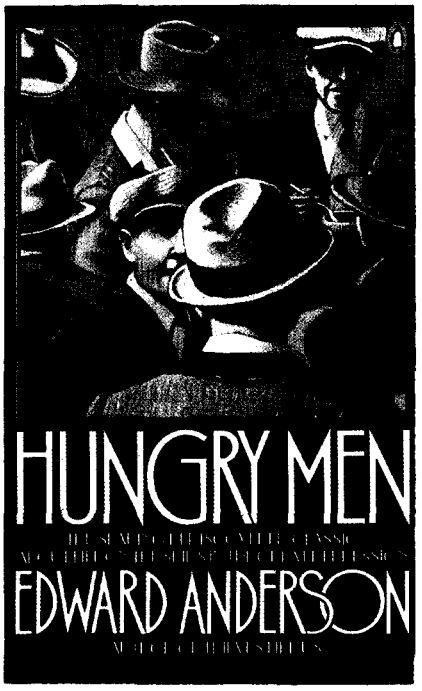
THE SECOND TIME AROUND

In 1937 novelist Edward Anderson was being hailed by the *Saturday Review* as "the most exciting figure to appear in American writing since Hemingway and Faulkner." A Texas boy who'd worked as a prizefighter, cub reporter, and dance band trombonist, Anderson took to the road to research his first novel, *Hungry Men*, a story about the homeless in the Great Depression. According to Anderson, he "rode the 'blinds' of crack passenger trains, freight manifests and slow locals, in gondolas and cattle cars, slept in welfare flops, ten cent hotels, parks and darkened churches. Day after day, month after month, season after season. I met bums in Battery Park in New York that I had jungled up with in Mountain Air, Arkansas. Not all the time did I feel like a gen'l'man with guts. I felt like a dog with distemper." When *Hungry Men* was published by Doubleday/Duran in 1935, Anderson won a cash award from *Story* magazine.

The success of his first book inspired Anderson to write a second, *Thieves Like Us* (1937), the story of a small gang of bank robbers in the Southwest, and snagged him an offer from B. P. Schulberg, then head of Paramount Pictures, to come to Hollywood and write scripts.

Hollywood during the Depression seemed like a paradise—the movie lots were filled with literary talents, including Dashiell Hammett, Theodore Dreiser, Robert Benchley, and Dorothy Parker, and the salaries were high—but for Anderson, it was a hell. Not only were his scripts flops, but he couldn't write fiction and he drank too much. By 1947 he was broke, bitter, and burned out. Disillusioned with success, he went back to Texas and worked as an editor for a series of small-town magazines. By the time he died in 1969 at sixty-three, even his literary agent was unable to locate him.

While researching pulp detective



novels for his 1981 study *Hardboiled America*, writer Geoffrey O'Brien picked up a copy of *Thieves Like Us*, by then the basis for Nicholas Ray's movie *They Ride By Night* (1948) and Robert Altman's 1978 film. He liked it enough to hunt for Anderson's first novel, reprinted in paperback in 1959. Calling it "a guided tour of soup kitchens, waterfront hiring halls, boxcars and hobo jungles, unblurred by nostalgia," O'Brien featured the obscure novel in "Save This Book," a *Village Voice Literary Supplement* feature, and praised the "intense and painful reality" of Anderson's vision and his awareness of the political sentiments of the victims of the Depression: "Every idle man becomes economic-minded. He starts wanting to know why this man has a chauffeured Packard and he can't get his three dollar shoes half-soled? But the American isn't going to turn socialist or communist. At least not in this generation. I wanted to write something to explain it."

Intrigued, Viking/Penguin senior editor Gerry Howard tracked down Anderson's daughter at her home in Florida and contracted for the book. With a publication date of April 1985, after almost fifty years of obscurity, *Hungry Men* is in print again.

However, Viking/Penguin is not alone in their interest in Edward Anderson. Both Patrick Bennett, an assistant professor of English at McMurry College in Texas, and Phillip Garnier, a California writer, are writing books on Anderson's life. Garnier's book, *Hollywood's Unsung Heroes*, focuses on Anderson's Hollywood years when he and his wife Polly Ann carried on like Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald; Bennett's biography, tentatively titled *Rough and Ready Ways*, will cover Anderson's entire life. Says Bennett, "Anderson was a keen observer, and he wrote a fine Depression novel, but the public's forgotten him."

—Susan Mernit

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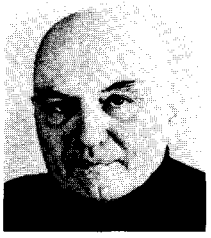

THOMAS VICTOR

Nowhere

by THOMAS BERGER

Delacorte/Seymour Lawrence, 192 pp., $14.95

BERGER'S THIRTEENTH NOVEL IS AN UNlucky combination of intemperate farce and dystopian vision (it goes Samuel Butler's 1872 classic, *Erewhon*, one better, re-reshuffling the word's letters to get us back to *Nowhere*). Its hero, Russel Wren (who has appeared previously in Berger's work), failed playwright and sometime private eye, rendered homeless when terrorists bomb his Manhattan apartment building, is whisked off by mysterious means to the remote country of Saint Sebastian, "an appalling little principality" somewhere near Germany and Czechoslovakia. It's a perversely self-satisfied "microcosm of Europe" ruled by an upside-down ethos (original thought is discouraged; the citizens spend their days at the movies; "Blonds," downtrodden inferiors, organize an underground liberation movement) that excites Wren's contemptuous ire. "Living in New York has made me a monster of cynicism," he understates, indulging in tiresome broadsides against contemporary crime and urban blight, Americans' liberal masochism, varieties of shoddy workmanship, and sexual (mainly pederastical) excess. There are good random gags, but you hate yourself for laughing at this petulant, satirical petit point. Berger at his best—for example, in his wonderful last novel, *The Feud*—is a delicious comic writer; at his worst, he's a crank. *Nowhere* is the crankiest Berger yet. *—Bruce Allen*

A COMIC QUEST

Life hasn't quite been the same since Robert Plunket published his outrageously funny first novel, *My Search for Warren Harding* (Laurel/Dell, 277 pp., $3.95). Set in the crumbling atmosphere of old Hollywood, the novel follows the adventures of a scheming history scholar named Elliot as he tries to wrest a horde of unpublished love letters from President Warren Harding's octogenarian mistress. In pursuit of his academic big score, the conniving Elliot runs into (and through) a set of Los Angeles's most outrageous characters. Though he is less than noble, you can't help but feel sorry for Elliot when his Harvard-bred condescension runs smack into a mother lode of serious California weirdness.

Warren Harding sold out its 6,000 press run and was quickly picked up by Dell for its Laurel paperback series of distinguished writing. That's when Plunket's life took a twist into a different art form. "After the book came out I was offered a part in a movie," he says from his new home in Sarasota, Florida. Called *After Hours* and directed by Martin Scorsese, Plunket plays "an extremely nervous, uptight, repressed homosexual in SoHo."

The author currently is about halfway through his second novel, a tale about a suburban housewife who becomes enslaved to a pornographic movie star—"Erma Bombeck gone bad." He reports the work is progressing quickly, in part because he has few distractions in his new location. "I find that I've rented a house in a Mennonite community. Most of my neighbors wear floppy, black clothes and bonnets, and are very quiet. I'm having trouble fitting in the neighborhood," he laughs.

—Jerome Cramer

Fiskadoro

by DENIS JOHNSON

Alfred A. Knopf, 240 pp., $14.95

IF I WERE PRESSED TO NAME THE SINGLE most powerful piece of fiction writing I've read in the last three years, it would be the execution scene from Denis Johnson's first novel, *Angels*. In his second novel, *Fiskadoro*, a more horrific execution has already occurred—a nuclear holocaust.

The place is the Florida Keys eighty years from now—approximately fifty years after everything north of Miami has been turned to "brown and silver ash." The second-generation survivors live in a hallucinatory world, cut off from whatever is left of civilization by a vague quarantine that they hear about on "Cuba-radio." What they know of the previous world is limited to the misinformation they glean from relics—a few books, records, automobile parts, cans of shoe polish. In their darkened minds, cults, secret societies, and other malignant varieties of ignorance sprout like toadstools. Their hymns are played on scratchy, generator-

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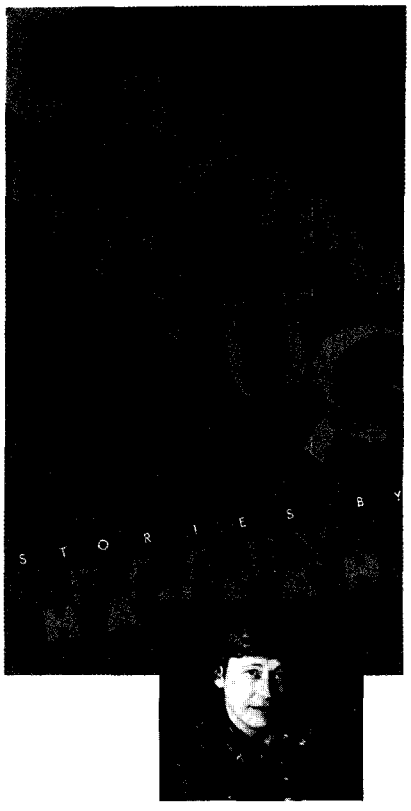
run sound systems; their gods are named Marley, Hendrix, and Dylan.

Mr. Cheung is a middle-aged musician who clings to the artifacts of civilization by memorizing documents such as the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution. His one-hundred-year-old grandmother is the only survivor from before the bomb, but, much to his frustration, she can't speak or write. (Author Johnson grants the reader access to her fascinating interior monologues, however.) A young boy, Fiskadoro, finds a clarinet and approaches Mr. Cheung for lessons and subsequently forces him from his cloistered existence. Johnson interweaves the thoughts, memories, and actions of his three protagonists to create a world of bewitching power—a world where knowledge is a shattered mirror and no one has more than a couple of pieces.

—Bruce VanWyngarden



MARK MORROW

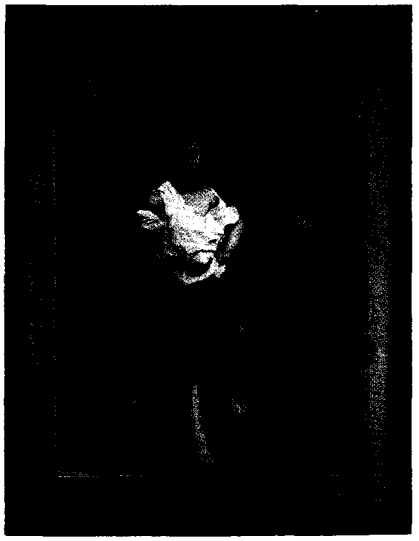
Captain Maximus

by BARRY HANNAH

Knopf, 128 pp., $11.95

THIS UNUSUAL AND EXHILARATING BRIEF collection offers three different kinds of stories. There are hard, gemlike tales of obsession: "Getting Ready," about the weird self-destruction of a fisherman who travels everywhere and gives up everything hoping to "land the big one"; or "Fans," about a small community's helpless adulation for a football hero who runs the gamut from violent cretin to born-again Christian. There is "Power and Light: An Idea for Film" (written for director Robert Altman), a kinky dramatization of American energy, moral confusion, and paranoia set in Seattle and somehow concerned with women electrical workers, labor agitators, and (probably) spies. And there are five presumably connected stories that express the manic grief of a deracinated Southerner adrift from his disapproving wife and family ("wild in my sorrow and my separation from my children"); he's a "drunk, raving with bad attitudes," hooked as well on crazy revenge fantasies, propelled by his infatuation with a beckoning golden woman who's undoubtedly unattainable. A world of emotion and suggestion is packed into these trim, tense stories. Even when they're so spare that we can't take in all their details, we can't shake them off; they're like heat lightning occurring out of season—arresting, and frightening, and God-knows-where they're coming from. "The Deep South might be wretched," we're advised in one story, "but it can howl." Barry Hannah can howl with the best of them.

—Bruce Allen

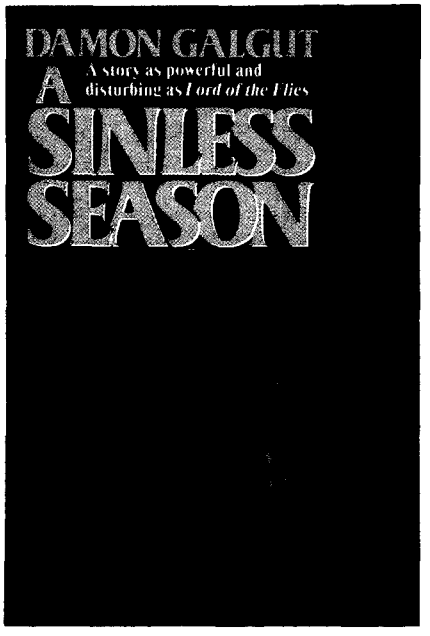


GO ASK ALICE

It has been suggested that the camera served Lewis Carroll as an introduction to two kinds of people whose acquaintance he valued: "celebrities and children." This isn't altogether fair; Carroll practiced photography assiduously for twenty-four years (he gave it up the summer "his Alice" was married), all the while fascinated by the complex technical demands of the art in its early stages.

Still, he clearly relished photographic sessions with his child-friends, and over time built up a wardrobe of costumes for them to wear. His own favorite model, however, was not a little girl dressed up in finery, but a "natural" child, with tousled hair and beggar's rags—or, better still, a nude. This picture of a rather sultry Alice Liddell disguised as an urchin was hand-tinted by Carroll himself, and was probably taken in the summer of 1862. Alfred, Lord Tennyson thought it the most beautiful photograph he had ever seen.

This photograph of the original Alice in Wonderland is from the extensive collections of the New York Public Library.



A Sinless Season

by DAMON GALGUT

Penguin Books, 172 pp., $4.95

THIS IS EASILY THE BEST NOVEL BY A seventeen-year-old South African that I

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have ever read. It is also easily the worst novel by *anybody* I have read in the last seventeen years.

I am reminded of the walls in my high school art class. They were covered with mountain scenes, seascapes, ships, and the occasional self-portrait. Since the nearest mountain or ocean was hundreds of miles away from our small Midwestern town, we students made do with our imaginations. Except for ourselves, nothing around us seemed particularly worthy of our artistic endeavors. Consequently there was nothing of life in our "art."

Galgut has fallen into the same trap. Using only his imagination, he has attempted to write a gritty novel of life among boys in a reformatory—and failed miserably. His prose is simply embarrassing; he strings metaphors together in an unending torrent. His dialogue is . . . Oh, hell, read the following and you'll get the idea:

"He thought that he had not seen anything so beautiful in distress: the flowing black ripples of her tangled hair, streaked with blood, were a shadow of furious autumn, and the deep molten pools of her eyes were silver moons of dripping tears."

Galgut may well have a future as a writer, but the publisher has done him a grave disservice by printing this mess and comparing it with a straight face to *Lord of the Flies.*

—*Bruce VanWyngarden*

The Old Forest: And Other Stories

by PETER TAYLOR

Dial/Doubleday, 356 pp., $16.95.

THIS COLLECTION OF FOURTEEN STORIES, Taylor's first since *In The Miro District* (1977), has been sifted from the work of forty years, a period during which he has earned a reputation as a master of the once neglected and now again fashionable short story. He would not be mistaken for the new hard-bitten breed of storyteller—Anne Beattie, say, or Raymond Carver. Taylor writes in a deliberate, even leisurely manner, with a strong, moralizing narrative voice. He has a Southerner's way of *talking* a story, not just telling it.

These stories restrict themselves to a

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time, a region, a class. Most of them center on the gentry (his families have servants and a Pierce-Arrow) in Tennessee between the wars, when what he calls "the old ways and the old teachings" are collapsing. The South is his setting, but Taylor could as well be writing about any society in transition. He has an eye for a slow crack in the social veneer, a new tone in a child's voice.

In "Porte Cochere," two grown sons have returned home for an uneasy reunion with their old father on his birthday: "He had given them a freedom unknown to children in the land of his childhood, yet from the time they could utter a word they had despised him and denied his right to any affection or gratitude. Suddenly, stepping onto the landing, he screamed down the stairs to them, 'I've a right to some gratitude!'" In other stories, and in other ways, husbands say the same thing to their wives, masters to their servants. The family—the one made by blood, the one made by custom, and the extended family of blacks and whites in the South—is Taylor's focus, and he charts its unsettled balances of power. "The Gift of the Prodigal," "The Little Cousins," and the title story are especially vivid. If we miss the depths and quirks of character that stories by John Cheever or Eudora Welty provide, still we can savor Taylor's sturdy style and the wisdom of his pained, bemused nostalgias.

—*J. D. McClatchy*

Betsey Brown

by NTOZAKE SHANGE

St. Martin's Press, 208 pp., $12.95

IT WOULD BE WRONG AND UNFAIR TO DEscribe Ntozake Shange's new work as a bad novel, for it has some wonderful trappings: lively characters, colorful dialogue, and a sense of time and place that ensnare a reader.

Betsey Brown has lyricism and personality, and Shange certainly knows how to use words. White folks are "peckerwoods," the protagonist, a young girl, takes a deep breath "cause the South may be full of ugly ugly things but it's not in the air. The air is flowers, leaves and spaces divine. . . ." And after climbing her favorite oak tree one night, the same character thinks that "she would see all the stars and the moon as the sun rose, when there was that peculiar mingling of past and tomorrows, when the sun glanced cross the sky to the moon hoverin over the telephone wires, and everyone else was ignorant of the powers of light and the dark."

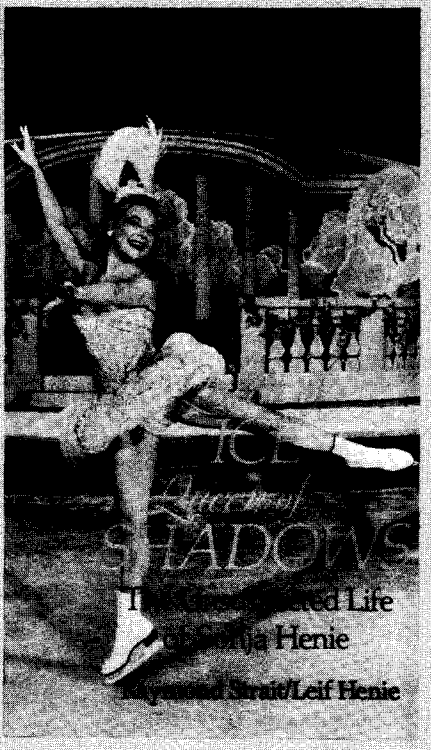
But through the book, which tells the story of an adolescent black girl in 1957 St. Louis, there is no glue to bind these elements into a flowing whole. Finally, toward the end of the book, the reason

SONJA HENIE

A new biography of Sonja Henie, champion ice skater and film star, could be called *Sonja Dearest.* In *Queen of Ice, Queen of Shadow* (Stein and Day, $19.95), the star's brother, Leif Henie, and collaborator Raymond Strait recount with mixed emotions the down side of his bubbly sister's success. The book chronicles at great length—too great length—Henie's paranoid miserliness, sexual insatiability, and alleged Nazi sympathies.

Europe's figure skating phenomenon arrived in Hollywood in 1936, determined to be every bit as successful on film as she had been on the ice. She was soon involved in an affair with a young actor named Tyrone Power. A writer who worked with them on the set of *Thin Ice* comments: "Getting the two out of the dressing room was a problem. And when we did get them to the set, Ty always looked as if he were about to collapse."

As word of their romance filled the fan magazines and gossip columns, they had to conspire for any privacy. They began to refer to their genitals by people's names. Power's were known as "Jimmy" and Henie's as "Betsey." If they had not seen each other for a few days, Henie would ask, "Is Jimmy sleeping well?" Power



might respond, "He's having nightmares again." Power would often close his letters: "Jimmy says hello. He misses you."

Tyrone Power and "Jimmy" moved out of Sonja's life only to be replaced by a parade of men, including many of her various skating partners, extras at the studio, ski instructors, film stars, and three colorful husbands.

Her first husband, in a jealous rage, once knocked out Errol Flynn with a set of brass knuckles. Before her divorce from her second husband, socialite Winthrop Gardiner, she hired two moving vans, got past estate guards, and "stripped the place to the bare walls. The only reason she didn't lift the carpets was because it was too difficult to get all the tacks out in time. She ran through the house at the very end and grabbed all the toilet paper."

Henie's personal conversations with Hitler and Goebbels and "her unique position of being adored by both sides," before and during the war, led to charges of Nazi sympathies.

The story's final chapters show the contrast between the star's wholesome "dimples and curls" image and the reality of a bitter woman who carried a Seven-Up bottle filled with Scotch wherever she went. Henie's long-time servants, who found themselves not included in their boss's will, relate tales of diamond smuggling, bulimia, and black market money exchanges in post-war Europe. With relatives and friends like these, who needs enemies?

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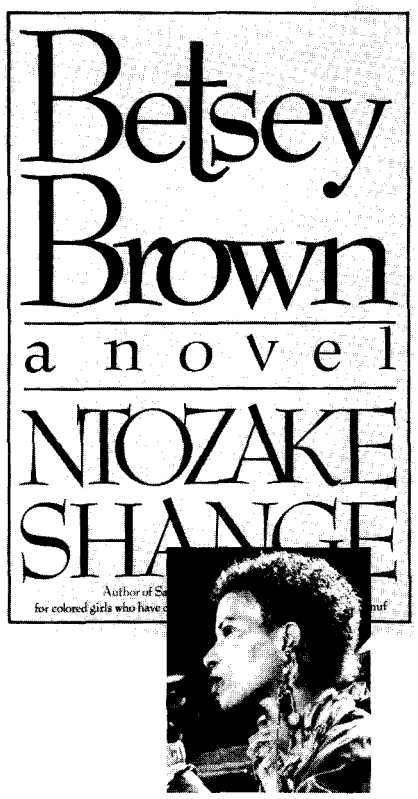
BOOKS



JANICE RUBIN

becomes clear: this isn't really a novel after all. It is dramatist Shange's latest play.

There are some hints that this might be a play masquerading as a novel. The jacket notes describe the author as a "distinguished playwright" and teacher of drama at the University of Houston, and there is also mention made that *Betsey Brown* is slated for production at Joseph Papp's New York Public Theater next year.

But the real giveaway is the book's style: It is more an episodic mood piece, a sequence of scenes, than it is a traditional novel with climax and denouement.

Shange's work has merit, but it will be better when its language is performed, its words spoken out loud—when it makes its way into the theater and is called by its right name.

—Susan Schindehette

Antipodes Jane
by BARBARA KER WILSON

Viking, 336 pp., $16.95

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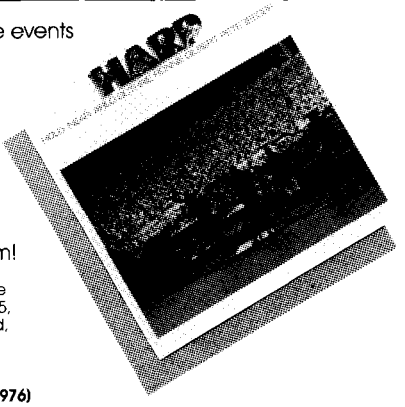

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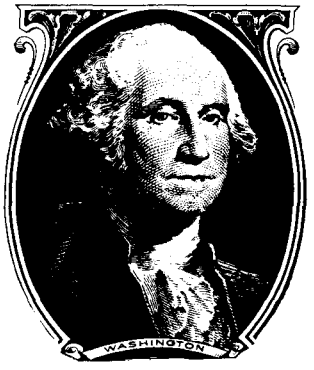

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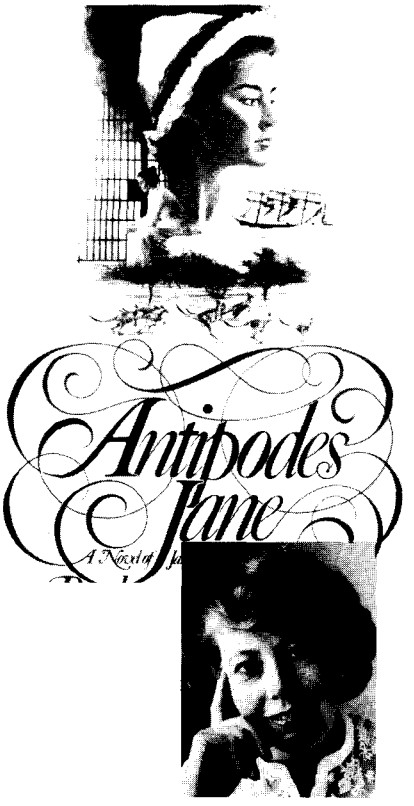
BOOKS

if they're not well handled, what results is neither good fiction nor good history.

Such is the case with *Antipodes Jane*, a fictionalized account of a little-reported trip that Jane Austen took to Australia in 1803, some eight years before publication of *Sense and Sensibility*. Barbara Ker Wilson, the editor of *Reader's Digest* in Sydney, uses a few historical facts—the arrest of Austen's aunt on a trumped-up shoplifting charge, for example—as the framework for her novel. But as any reader knows, a good premise does not necessarily a novel make.

The book lacks a heart. Throughout, Austen is a kind of lofty, peripheral char-



acter; neither she nor her associates ever really spring to life.

Wilson imitates Austen stylistically and sometimes hits the mark. She describes Austen's Aunt Jane, a woman fond of both laudanum and peppermints, as having speech that is "mint-flavoured and slightly indistinct. . . ." But where Austen's language showed mastery of nuance, Wilson's more often than not just seems inexplicably stilted.

There are also some jarringly vulgar sexual references. What possibly could have prompted Wilson to include a line like, "She gasped lasciviously and rubbed herself wantonly against him as he thrust into her moistness greedily. . . ."? What in God's name would poor Jane have thought?

This book is not a cheap send-up, nor is it poorly researched, nor is it remarkably badly written. It is just leaden, and it will bring astute readers to an inescapable conclusion: better to read a book by Austen herself than to read this one *about* her.

—Susan Schindehette

Letters To Alice

by FAY WELDON

Taplinger, 128 pp., $14.95

FAY WELDON DESCRIBES THIS WORK AS AN "epistolary novel"—sixteen letters written to her new-wave niece, Alice, who is encountering Jane Austen for the first time in a college English lit course.

Epistolary it may be, but that term hardly conveys what this little book is all about. Yes, it is about Jane Austen, and very affectionately so. And yes, its purpose is to convince "My dear pretty little Alice, now with black and green hair" of Austen's undeniable magnificence. But it is also about much more than that. It is about literature "with its capital L," about the people who've written mighty books, about good writing in general, and about how important all of that is to all of us.

As for Weldon's writing—it is literate and deft, accessible and intelligent, insightful and resonantly amusing. It is, in short, quite wonderful.

In a narrow sense, there are useful historical points made about the world that Austen inhabited. Supposing that her niece may find Austen sexually repressed and therefore irrelevant, Weldon produces a poignant listing of the brutalities inherent in sexual practice, abortion, and childbirth of the time, as well as a reminder that 70,000 of London's 475,000 female population in 1801 were prostitutes. "So you must understand," she writes, "that there were compensations to be found in virginity, in abstinence, in fidelity, and in spinsterhood, which are not found today, and read Jane Austen bearing this in mind."

There are also larger observations ad-

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BARRON'S

NATIONAL BUSINESS AND FINANCIAL WEEKLY FEBRUARY 4, 1985 $1.50

Holy Cow! Is This Bull for Real?

Phelps Dodge: Out Of The Pits? Page 14

Walter Heller On The Economy Page 11

UP & DOWN WALL STREET

By ALAN ABELSON

HEY, we'll take eleven more just like January. A little warmer please, and you can leave off the white stuff and go easy on the ice. But otherwise hit us with the same thing again. And again and again and again.

What made it such a terrific month, of course, was the marvelous run of the stock market. As this week's cover story relates in thrilling detail, the performance of the market in January was one of the best showings since man first discovered fear and greed.

The sheer size of the gains was stirring. And, need we say, so was the stalling by the Dow Jones Industrial Average of heights never before reached. But most impressive of all was the sweep of the advance, encompassing virtually every living stock and a number that weren't.

Reasonable men differ on the reasons for the stock market's mighty burst upward. And do analysts and brokers. Among the latter, there seems to be a strong consensus that short prices went up because there were more buyers than sellers.

Credit also must go to the Federal Reserve and its chairman, Paul Volcker, for first achieving and then acting on the splendid insight that when the economy slows down it isn't growing as quickly. The resultant lowering of interest rates rippled through the length and breadth of the financial system—banks, for example, slashed the rate they charge their creditcard customers to 18% from 19%—and provided fodder for the bulls.

Nor can the political backs up be ignored as a positive investment influence. In particular, Mr. Reagan's gracious decision to make do with a spot announcement swearing-in as President so as not to distract the nation's attention from the Super Bowl was a real plus. For it demonstrated clearly that the Administration has its priorities right.

More subtle inspirations for the rally have been at play, as well. The conversion of the Chinese to capitalism, for one thing. A broker with an obscure end no customers was doing some mental doodles when he made the breakthrough calculation that if a billion Chinese each bought a hundred shares of stock, the market would go on an egg roll.

Too, gentry in the investment contradictory were roused by the disclosure that the Russian missiles that have been winging their occasional way to the West all have been addressed to Merrill Lynch's branch office in West Berlin and loaded with orders to buy. This revelation also explains the Soviets' strenuous objections to Mr. Reagan's proposals for a Star Wars defense. It would interfere with their plans to send orders direct to One Liberty Plaza via intercontinental ballistic missile.

Whatever the exact stimulus or stimuli, the brilliant upsurge was especially noteworthy because it was so widely anticipated. In our obligatory journey through the concrete canyons of confidence where the decisions are made to buy and sell stocks, we have yet to come across a single investment professional who did not anticipate the spectacular move. Well, that ain't quite true. One didn't, but he was otherwise

(Continued on Page 45)

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dressed to Alice, including Weldon's suggested rules on life. Among them: "Love your mother if you possibly can, since she is the source of your life." "Love men if you possibly can, since they are the source of your gratification." And rule number four: "Agree with your accusers, loudly and clearly. They will shut up sooner."

But what is most pervasive in this wise book is Weldon's unshakable love for the process of writing, and for the written word. Her message is eminently worthwhile, and her exhortation is one that bears repeating: "Believe me or disbelieve me, as you choose. But hear me out.

"You must *read*, Alice, before it's too late."

—Susan Schindehette

Glitz

by ELMORE LEONARD

Arbor House, 251 pp., $14.95

ELMORE LEONARD PUBLISHED HIS FIRST short story in *Argosy* magazine in 1951. Nearly thirty years later, in 1980, he received his first widespread critical acclaim with his novel *City Primeval*. Later still, with the publication of *Stick* and *LaBrava*, Leonard made some money.

Now, with this year's offering of *Glitz*, the fifty-nine-year-old Leonard finally has made it to the top—in both critical and financial terms.

His success is well earned, and *Glitz*, while not his very best work, is a deserved best seller.

In characteristic Leonard style, *Glitz* is filled with suspense, action, entertainment, an often ironic and always subtle sense of humor, and an unmatched flow of street dialogue and colorful characters.

Absent are metaphors, superfluous or simply gratuitous adjectives and adverbs, verbal adornments, and lengthy descriptions.

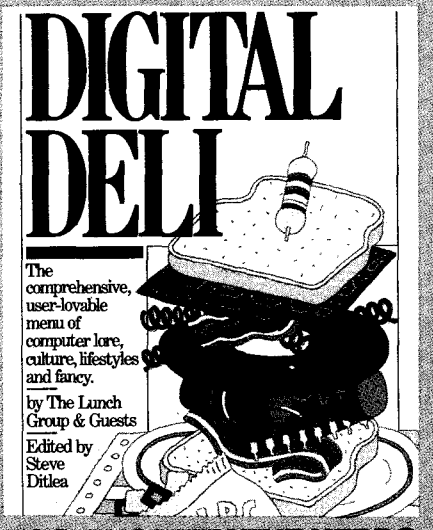
In *Glitz*, Vincent Mora had been a Miami cop for a long time, and he shouldn't have taken the mugger for granted. But he did, and now, after killing his first man in the line of duty, is himself recovering in Puerto Rico from a gunshot wound.

There he meets and is taken with the beautiful Iris Ruiz. When a marriage proposal does not materialize, Iris moves on to the glitter and glitz of Atlantic City's casinos. Not long after, she is found dead from an eighteen-story fall onto the boardwalk pavement. Vincent heads north to track down Iris's killer. However, when he reaches Atlantic City he finds himself both hunter and prey. Seven years before, Vincent had busted Teddy Magyk, a "Momma's-boy-gone-bad rapist" who delights in elderly ladies. Ex-con Teddy is now out for revenge.

Between Vincent chasing, being chased and getting embroiled in a number of Mafia interludes, *Glitz* skilfully winds its way to a suspenseful climax.

Although Elmore Leonard "arrived" several years ago, *Glitz* will be for some readers a first introduction. For many of these same readers it may prove to be a lasting relationship.

—Theresa J. Clark


DIGITAL
DELI
The comprehensive, user-lovable menu of computer lore, culture, lifestyles and fancy.
by The Lunch Group & Guests
Edited by Steve Ditlea

NOSHING WITH THE NERDS

Fame often eludes the inventor. Today, however, the pace of progress is accelerating, and the achievements of high technology innovators are being assimilated rapidly—so rapidly that, within a growing subculture, these innovators can become legendary (not to mention wealthy) virtually overnight.

A window into the computer/high tech subculture has been opened, for both the novice and the cognoscenti, by *Digital Deli*, subtitled *The Comprehensive, User-Lovable Menu of Computer Lore, Culture, Lifestyles and Fancy* (Workman, 400 pp., $12.95). *Deli* reveals that there is a human side to the technological revolution after all, and it is populated by brainy, quirky, and generally entertaining characters. We are introduced to some of the stars of this subculture, including:

• Cap'n Crunch, the frizzy-haired, wild-eyed pirate who invented a device known as the blue box to access the worldwide telephone network—for free—and who, almost fifteen years ago, tutored the founders of Apple Computer in the art of cracking the phone system and a Defense Department computer network. Crunch eventually went to prison, where a Mafia informer broke his back for refusing to divulge the secrets of the blue box.

• August Ada Byron, Countess of Lovelace, who, in addition to being Lord Byron's only legitimate offspring, an opium addict, and a compulsive gambler who died when she was thirty-six, was a mathematical prodigy. She became the sole supporter and benefactor of Charles Babbage, inventor of the first general-purpose computer in 1833. Her theoretical contributions made her the first software engineer, a century ahead of her time, and are still fundamental to programming theory.

• Neal Patrick, who, two years ago at age seventeen, made the cover of *Newsweek* when he and fellow members of the 414s, a group of young computer enthusiasts from Milwaukee, had their computers seized by the FBI. The 414s were traced to unauthorized break-ins on a computer information network.

Digital Deli is a smorgasbord of over one hundred articles covering a wide array of topics. Browsing, one can find articles by Timothy Leary and William F. Buckley Jr., J. Presper Eckert (inventor of ENIAC) and Marcian Hoff (inventor of the microchip), Herbie Hancock and Robert Moog, visionary Ted Nelson and Apple co-founder Steve Wozniak. If one tires of personalities, there are articles explaining such things as artificial intelligence, how a spreadsheet works, or computing in China. And if you're still hungry, *Deli* offers an eclectic listing of "The 10 Essential Computer Books."

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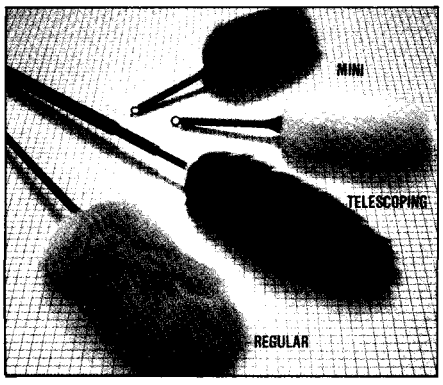

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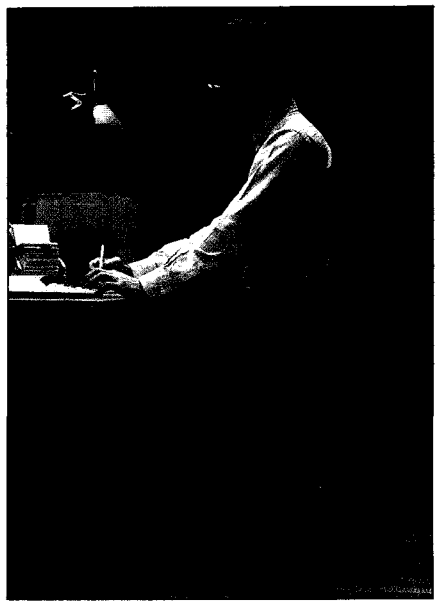
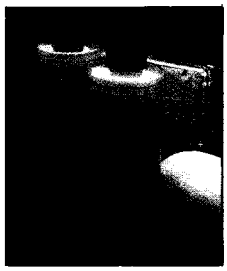


FOOD FOR WOOD



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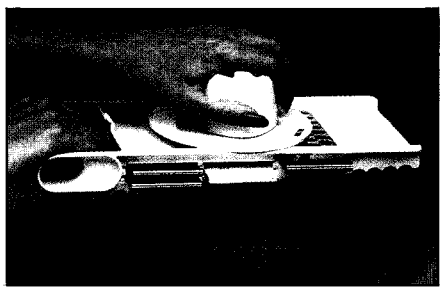

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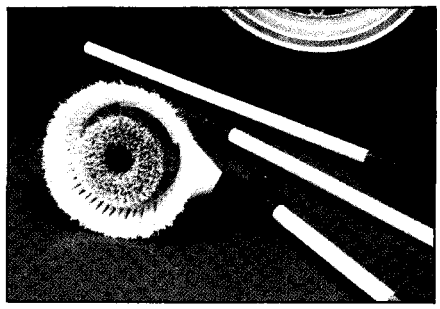

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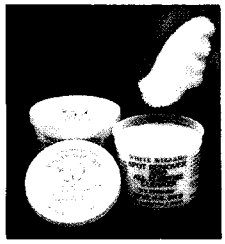
You know Driver's Back, that painful tightening of the lower back muscles that does nothing but get worse as you struggle to get comfortable in a car seat. You can detour all that discomfort with the Spine Spoiler back support system. It lets you customize the seat to your back, thus relieving strain and providing proper posture control. The beauty of the Spine Spoiler is its fine-tuned adjustability — you can get the position and inflation to exactly the place that is right for you. The 2 way harness works with bucket and bench-type seats (and will also fit most chairs, including office chairs). The air cushion is made of a silky nylon fabric with detachable inflator pump. Deflated it fits easily in bag or briefcase. The Spine Spoiler has enthusiastic recommendations from doctors and professional drivers and costs **$21.00** ($2.95) #A1139.

WELL-WROUGHT WIZARDRY



We tried White Wizard cleaner on a rug stain of several months' standing. The rug came clean. We tried it on the grass-stained knees of the kids' blue jeans. They came clean. Now it is the first thing we reach for when confronted with a grease, oil, blood, ink, berry, fruit juice, lipstick, coffee, tea, smoke or pet stain. We have found White Wizard exceedingly mild-mannered — odorless, neutral Ph, non-abrasive, biodegradable, compounded of 9 non-toxic quality chemicals. Two 10-oz. tubs of White Wizard cost **$12.00** ($2.95) #A1008.

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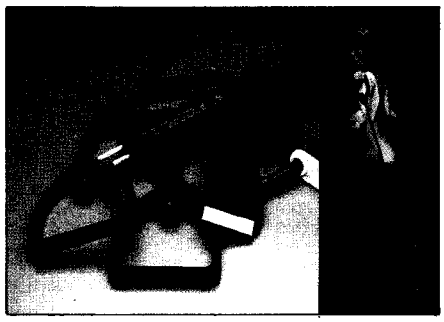

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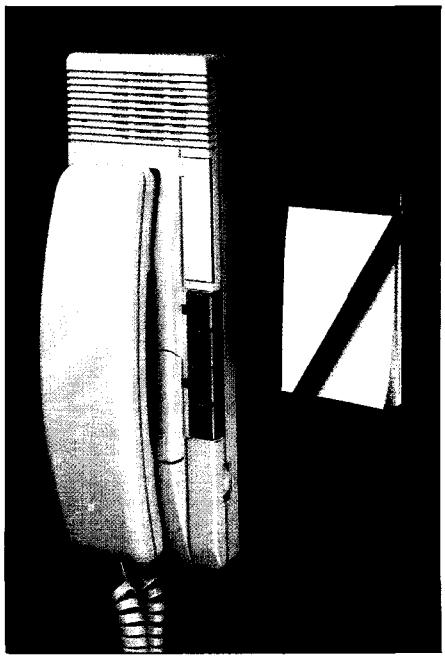

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FILM

by Michael Musto

LARGER THAN LIFE

HARRY WOLPER — *CREATOR*'S CENTRAL character—is not a normal man. We know that because he walks down hallways at such a bizarre but determined tilt, he obviously feels *he's* perfectly perpendicular but the world is on crooked. His arms move quirkily and his speech slurs in starts and stops that could make you as wacky as he is, especially if you ignored the staccato rhythms and concentrated on just what it is he's saying.

We know it because he's the only scientist around who's trying to recreate his dead wife by cultivating cells of hers that he's preserved for thirty years, and definitely the only Nobel Prize winner who takes time to correct people's pronunciation of words like "sonufabitch" or to solve the emergency health needs of monkeys. But mostly we know it because the part is played by Peter O'Toole, that reigning screwball of the over-forty crowd.

O'Toole's the first one they call when there's an opening for an older man who's brilliantly, magnificently crazy—a male Ruth Gordon with sex appeal. From *The Ruling Class* to *The Stunt Man* to *My Favorite Year* to this film, he's always the guy who should be looking for his marbles instead of for the greater truths that obsess him, but whose madness somehow allows him to *find* those truths, and to hell with the marbles. He perceives things mere mortals could never fathom, because they're just too busy doing mundane things like housework and paying rent to bother. O'Toole's characters don't do housework, or *anything* they don't want to do. They're Lunatic Geniuses, with all the privileges—and obnoxiousness—that comes with that dubious distinction.

Unfortunately, in *Creator*, he all but wears a T-shirt that says, "Hi, I'm a Lunatic Genius." Wolper's self-serving charm hits you over the head in ways disturbingly like those standup comics who continually remind you of their own strangeness. You want to scream, "You're not so strange. Actually, you're kind of boring." But the film keeps on glorifying Wolper's wackiness, assuring us all the while that deep down, he's sweet-wacky, not threatening-wacky. Loonies can be good guys, *Creator* seems to be telling us. They can win Nobel Prizes and personal happiness, *too—if* they're as banal and irritating as the baddies.

When screenwriter Jeremy Leven (who adapted from his own novel) wants us to know that love is so wonderful it can pierce through all of life's lunacies, he has Mariel Hemingway (as the "fertile female" who participates in Wolper's wife-reviving experiment) actually say to him, "Love is like this beautiful light that lets you see things that no one else can see." Later, when he wants to stress what we've known from the beginning—that Wolper's living in the past and should get over it—she tells him that, too. "You can't live in the past," she articulates brilliantly. *Her* T-shirt should read, "Hi, I'm an Obvious Bimbo." Naturally, she falls in love with the Lunatic Genius.

All right, *Creator* does have some redeeming features. Its eccentricities are so insistent, there are moments when you grudgingly start to believe in its fanciful world, and when it's in low gear, it's almost endearing. But Leven should have a tighter grip on the material—after all, he's a Yale researcher whose own wife died, and who admits to fantasizing about bringing her back. How could a film based on a real life situation ring so basically false?

And why does it have the meandering form of a novel in search of a visual style? *Creator* feels fragmented; it's an awkwardly constructed adaptation. The focus shifts uncomfortably between the four main characters, and when Wolper's assistant (Vincent Spano) becomes preoccupied with his girlfriend's (Virginia Madsen) sudden comatose condition, the film changes tone fatally. It's strictly cringe time as Spano urges her to show signs of life so the doctors won't cut off

Peter O'Toole and Mariel Hemingway in Creator.

He's the only Nobel Prize winner to correct people's pronunciation of "sonufabitch". . . .

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her life-support. What happened to the *film's* life-support? We know what's going to happen—that that zany old codger, Harry, will save the day—but first we have to endure painful scenes of Spano saying things like, "She's out of the coma now. That's a good sign, isn't it?" As the film descends into bathos, Czech director Ivan Passer (*Cutter and Bone*) exhibits less and less control, and by the end, when the mock tears are wiped away by preciousness, this demented *Bride of Frankenstein* variation ultimately does itself in.

Through all his travails, Wolper never stops talking about—drum roll—"the big picture," one of those conceits that are designed to sound vaguely intellectual and intimidating to a mass audience, like John Irving's esoterically idiotic warning to not pass by the open windows (from *The Hotel New Hampshire*). Actually, these are just platitudes that reek of schlock dime store sociology.

"What *is* the big picture?" someone asks Spano at one point, and the audience mouths the question along with him. "I don't know what the big picture is," replies Spano, "but I know when Harry's ready, he'll tell me." He never does, in so many words, but by the fairy tale ending—underlined all the way down the line by the Hallmark Card score—you know it's the larger truths that eclipse all the little inconveniences and concerns of everyday life. Hold on to your barf bags—it's love.

The cast works overtime trying to sell Leven's soft-centered vision, with mixed results. Spano is winning in a sort of modified Robby Benson role, while Madsen (*Electric Dreams, Dune*) cements her position as the new head cheerleader of the movies, replacing the equally perky but by now a little overperked Kim Cattrall. Even when Madsen's character is in a coma with plugs and hoses up several orifices, you sense her trying to recover just so she can be perky again.

At least she's as likable as possible in a thankless role that mostly calls for her to be perfect. More problematic is Hemingway, cast against type as a coarse but adorable nineteen-year-old nymphomaniac who, when she's not having sex, tends to talk about it. Hemingway's always slid comfortably into sensitive, shy, vulnerable characters, but here you feel her straining against the grain in an attempt to be wildly outgoing. She's sweating, and you know it. By the time she flashes her capacious chest for the third time in two years, you yearn for her to be shy, sensitive, and vulnerable again.

But the movie is O'Toole's, and he plays it to the hilt, with all the free spirits that seem to come so effortlessly to him. Too bad *Creator* hardly gives him a chance to make those spirits soar. In one scene, Spano and Madsen run down the list of middle-class values they hate, and the film's troubling irony becomes clear. *Creator* shouldn't be knocking those values; by the time it reaches its sappy ending, it embodies them.

Editor's Note: Immediately prior to press time, Universal re-edited Creator *and cut out two scenes. Michael Musto was unable to view the new screening in time for publication.*

Desperately Seeking Susan

ROSANNA ARQUETTE, MADONNA, AIDAN QUINN

★★★

MUCH AS CYNICS HOPED THIS ONE WOULD be rotten so they could make cracks like "Desperately Seeking Plot" or "Desperately Seeking Talent," it turned out to be a clever comedy of errors deftly directed by Susan Seidelman (*Smithereens*). The actors are so good that all the absurd plot twists seem to make perfect sense. Next step: desperately seeking a mass audience.

The Hit

TERENCE STAMP, JOHN HURT

★★

AN OFFBEAT BUT ULTIMATELY TEDIOUS "thriller" of retribution and captivity that practically *noirs* itself off the screen. A Spanish girl biting the hand of her captor until it bleeds is one of the lighter moments.

Ladyhawke

MATTHEW BRODERICK, RUTGER HAUER, MICHELLE PFEIFFER

★

AN EARLY CONTENDER FOR WORST FILM of all time, this medieval adventure tale about curses being broken is a medieval exercise in filmmaking and a curse in itself. The lame script isn't helped by Broderick, who's shamelessly cute, John Wood and Leo McKern, who have an overacting field day, and Michelle Pfeiffer, who has the only California accent in the Middle Ages. You come away feeling sorry for the hawk, who should definitely sign with a new management company.

Mask

CHER, ERIC STOLTZ, SAM ELLIOTT

★★★

COSMETICALLY, PETER BOGDANOVICH'S film isn't a glamorized Hollywood version of suffering like *Love Story* or *Terms of*

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Endearment; you see every crevice of Rocky's congenitally disfigured face in vivid color closeups. But emotionally it is a bit idealized—people look at Rocky a little funny at first, then five minutes later realize he's a great guy deep down and become his best friends. Despite that kind of glossover, though, *Mask* can't help packing a heartbreaking wallop. Eric Stoltz as the elephant boy and Cher as his biker mom solidify the humanity behind the "mask." Cry freely—if you don't, *your* normalcy will be questioned.

The Slugger's Wife

MICHAEL O'KEEFE, REBECCA DE MORNAY

★

THEY MEET CUTE, THEY FALL IN LOVE cute, they even fight cute—and by the end of this Neil Simon strikeout, you want to slug them both. At least no one can accuse Simon of tossing off glib one-liners this time; it's a mirthless affair from beginning to end.

A Test of Love

ANGELA PUNCH McGREGOR, DREW FORSYTHE

★★★

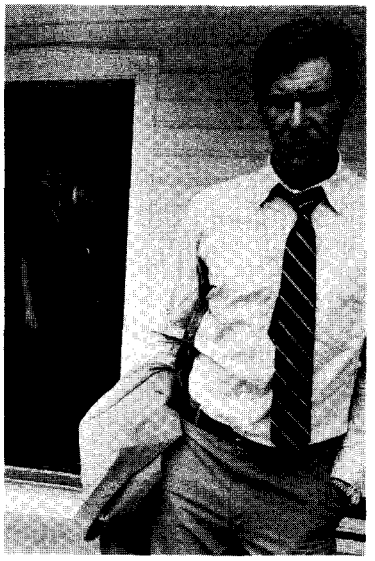
A THREE-HANKIE WEEPIE BASED ON THE true story of a teenage girl who spent most of her life in an institution until a worker there realized she wasn't "profoundly retarded," as she'd been diagnosed. A small, nicely done Australian film, though the unsentimental might find it a precious déjà vu of *The Miracle Worker*.

Witness

HARRISON FORD, KELLY McGILLIS

★★★

PETER WEIR'S DIRECTORIAL STYLE IS SO artsy he could probably make a trip to the bathroom look like some sort of apotheosis, but all his pretensions can't dilute what's basically a gripping melodrama about policeman Ford's culture clash/obsession with the Amish. Ford proves he's



not welded to Indiana Jones (this is Pennsylvania, remember?), and McGillis is lovelier than anything he ever found in the Temple of Doom, anyway. Can I get a witness? SR

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In Review

THEATER

by Stanley Kauffmann

ALONG HIS WAY

EUGENE O'NEILL IS UNIQUE AMONG AMERIcan dramatists because, after arduous apprenticeship, he wrote tragedies of world stature. He is unique among great dramatists because his apprenticeship lasted most of his life. Only three of his later plays, written after he was fifty, inarguably attained the quality that he had been struggling toward for twenty-six years.

One of the earlier plays, the gargantuan *Strange Interlude*, was recently revived in London and, with most of the same cast, was brought to New York. Performed with fair deftness—if that word can apply to a nine-act work almost five hours long—this production at least gave us the chance to see how fundamentally heroic O'Neill's life had been. Nothing really mattered to him except the committed struggle of the artist with the unseen and unknowable. He never wanted to wrestle anyone but angels.

To see this play now is to have both an advantage and a disadvantage as against its first audiences in 1928. Now we know the masterworks that followed—*The Iceman Cometh, Long Day's Journey into Night, A Touch of the Poet*—so we can see *Strange Interlude* as part of an ultimately triumphant pilgrimage; but we can also be impatient because we know there's better O'Neill to see, as if we were listening to Wagner's *Rienzi* instead of *Tristan*.

The basic theme of this play is the mission of the Eternal Feminine, the Earth Mother—not woman as divine, but the divine as woman—and how men, believing they serve their own wills, in fact serve her will, thus serving the beauty and survival of the human race. (O'Neill often claimed August Strindberg as his master, but this is much more of a Shavian theme.) Through nine acts and some twenty-five years, O'Neill chronicles how Nina Leeds, a New Englander who has lost her young love in World War I, contracts a marriage; aborts a pregnancy; contrives pregnancy by another man; raises her son and sees him married; buries her husband; dismisses her lover; and, at the last, unites with an asexual novelist who has long been an acolyte at her shrine. Thus she fulfills her functions as wife, mother, love goddess, and unreachable goal.

ZOE DOMINIC

Edward Petherbridge and Glenda Jackson in Strange Interlude.

Eugene O'Neill never wanted to wrestle anyone but angels.

But a chronicle it is, alas. The whole work, stodgily characterized and sometimes distressingly written, would be merely grandiose except that, despite its blatant defects, one can sense the agonizing reach toward myth. O'Neill wanted to plumb the sources of sexuality and mortality, to disclose the powers that lie outside human control. As it eventuated, he succeeded in this quest when he stopped concocting plots and puppets, when he plunged into his own and his family's past, the truth and troubles of his Irish-American background. But it's the very grandioseness of *Strange Interlude* that provides the small interest it retains. As a neat little package of a play, it would have no interest at all.

Aside from its length, the play's most famous element is its use of soliloquy in the presence of other people. Of course the aside is an ancient convention in the theater, but O'Neill revived it as an instrument of modernity, an attempt to incorporate in drama the texture of the contemporary novel. On stage these asides might be handled in various ways—for instance, change of voice or of lighting. The most striking aspect of the recent production was that *nothing* special was done about these thoughts; the actors simply spoke them as part of their dialogue. This led, quite deliberately, to some blurring of the borders between the inner and outer worlds of the characters, but this blurring gave those otherwise wooden characters their richest ambiguities.

This treatment of the asides was only one of the good choices made by the director, Keith Hack. The second was to take the dominant tone of the perfor-

Continued on page 91

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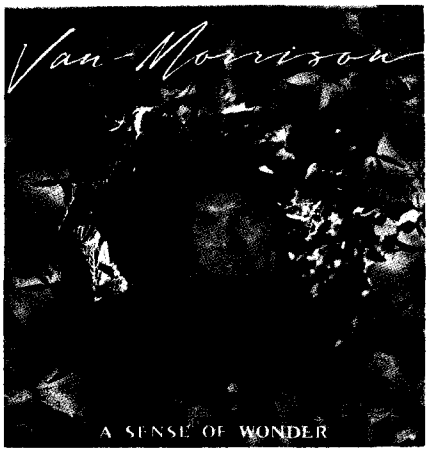
RECORDS

ROCK / POP

by John Swenson



A Sense of Wonder

VAN MORRISON
Mercury 822 895-1

★★★★★

LIKE THE FABLED POETS OF IRISH LEGEND, Van Morrison has done himself some damage living an artist's life. The pain that informed many of his greatest songs over the years was real, and it took a toll that resulted in a creative slump that cost Morrison his record contract. Adversity suits him, though—*A Sense of Wonder* is charged with resurrected joy. Morrison has seldom been so metaphysically self-assured as he walks the listener through his vision of heaven-on-earth in the Irish countryside. Mixing his own writing with cameo songs taken from Ray Charles, Mose Allison, and an understated yet powerful adaption of the poet William Blake's "Let the Slave," Morrison has returned to his best form.

No Jacket Required

PHIL COLLINS
Atlantic 781240-1

★★★★

PHIL COLLINS IS ON A ROLL. NOT CONTENT to lead one of rock's most popular bands, the Genesis frontman spends all his free time in the studio making other records. *No Jacket*, his third album, is closer in spirit to his hit debut *Face Value* than its disappointing follow-up, *Hello I Must Be Going*. This time Collins stays away from Motown remakes and gimmicks, featuring his own writing instead. In the process he comes up with a few gems, notably "Don't Lose My Number" and "One More Night."

Hard Line

THE BLASTERS
Warner Bros. 25093-1

★★★★

ON THIS THIRD ALBUM THE BLASTERS CONtinue the crusade to bring "American music" to the world. The band's heavy blend of roots rock, New Orleans R&B, border wave, and '80s energy is a hot ticket to good times. *Hard Line* is as eclectic as other Blasters outings, featuring guest spots from the venerable singers the Jordanaires and the Jubilee Train Singers, who shine on the traditional "Samson and Delilah." John Cougar contributes a fine song, "Colored Lights," and lead guitarist Dave Alvin turns in several tunes worthy of the band's name, especially the autobiographical "Rock and Roll Will Stand."

Porky's Revenge!

Soundtrack
Columbia JS 39983

★★★★

THIS MAY WELL BE THE GREATEST QUALity differential between a film and its soundtrack in history. *Porky's Revenge!* may be an unmitigated stinker, but its soundtrack is a triumph of conceptual good taste. Assembled by one of rock's most astute musician/historians, Dave Edmunds, the album features an impressive collection of top rockers playing a mixture of old and new material. Edmunds leads a band through four tracks, including a brilliant remake of "Do You Want To Dance," and backs Robert Plant on "Philadelphia Baby." Jeff Beck ("Sleepwalk") and Clarence Clemons ("Peter Gunn Theme") contribute instrumentals. Also on hand are George Harrison, Carl Perkins, the Fabulous Thunderbirds, and Willie Nelson. Unlike other soundtracks, these performances were created for the record, not taken from previously existing albums. It's unlikely that this awesome array of talent could be assembled under other circumstances, so *Porky's Revenge!* was worth making, even though it's not worth watching.

Walking in the Shadow of the Big Man

GUADALCANAL DIARY
DC 73

★★★½

THE PROCESS OF HISTORICAL RETRIEVAL and stylistic consolidation by new rock bands is nowhere more apparent than in the work of Atlanta-based Guadalcanal Diary. This group switches easily from '60s bop to a bizarre country-western mutation to a remake of the folk anthem "Kum Ba Yah." With the video of "Watusi Rodeo" making it into MTV rotation, the band has officially transcended cult status.

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RECORDS

Across a Crowded Room

RICHARD THOMPSON
Polydor 825 421-1

★★★★

One Clear Moment

LINDA THOMPSON
Warner Bros. 25164-1

★★★

AS A FOUNDING MEMBER OF FAIRPORT Convention, Richard Thompson was a key figure in the movement to incorporate the folk tradition of the British Isles into rock and roll. Thompson went on to make a series of remarkable records with his wife Linda after leaving Fairport. Richard and Linda are no longer together, and now they make their own records.

On her first solo effort, Linda's beautiful voice carries an uneven collection of material ranging from the abysmal "Take Me On the Subway" to the sublime "Can't

DEBORAH FEINGOLD

Stop the Girl," which sounds as if it could become her anthem. Abetted by ex-Fairport mates Simon Nicol (guitars) and Dave Mattacks (drums), Richard Thompson marches through a solid set on his third album since the breakup with Linda. He rocks out on tracks like "I Ain't Gonna Drag My Feet No More" and "Fire in the Engine Room," but it's his atmospheric singing and mathematically astute guitar playing that carry the day. The record's high point is the nightmarish dirge "Love in a Faithless Country," an Orwellian vision of romantic despair that Thompson animates with bone-chilling conviction.

She's the Boss

MICK JAGGER
Columbia FC 39940

★★★★

DESPITE HIS "LIFESTYLES OF THE RICH AND famous" credentials, Mick Jagger has always been a blues singer influenced primarily by postwar Chicago vocalists like Muddy Waters and Howlin' Wolf. Jagger's first solo album outside of the Rolling Stones emphasizes his blues roots like no Stones album since the classic *Exile On Main Street*. Updating classic blues themes of sexual conflict ("She's the Boss," "Just Another Night") and gambling ("Lucky In Love"), Jagger stutters and slurs his way through a fiery set of blues-based rockers that Stones fans will love and that may even impress a few skeptics. The all-star backing band includes top reggae and dance music rhythm sections, but the album's instrumental highlights are provided by guitarist Jeff Beck, who turns out to be the album's unexpected star.

COUNTRY

by Christopher Manion

The Ballad of Sally Rose

EMMYLOU HARRIS
Warner Brothers 25205

★★★★

A LONG TIME AGO, GRAM PARSONS OF THE Byrds discovered Emmylou Harris in Washington, D.C. He taught her everything he knew and his death left her to spin her own trajectory. Here, at last, she delivers the eulogy. A sad story, sweetly told, impeccable—with the likes of Linda Ronstadt, Dolly Parton, and Waylon Jennings joining the choir. It sounds like she can't forget him. The music—especially the title song and "White Line"—is unforgettable.

Don't Make Me Wait On The Moon

SHELLY WEST
Viva 25189 Warner Brothers

★★★½

SHELLY WEST TOOK CHANCES ON THIS one, and what a pleasant surprise. You can hum these tunes all the way to work and back home again. A fine group of musicians joins real talent for a production that is smooth, smooth.

One Good Night Deserves Another

STEVE WARINER
MCA-5545

★★

HELP WANTED: MALE VOCALIST (PRIMARily country) with first-rate studio band seeks better writers and a producer who has done something original in the past fifteen years. Reprocessed juke box junkies need not apply. No hard feelings.

Sawyer Brown

SAWYER BROWN
Capitol/Curb ST-12391

★★½

A LOT OF TALENT, PRODUCED BY RANDY

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Scruggs (whose daddy was there when bluegrass was born). Randy, who has never been behind the times, plays it safe here. No great shakes, but a great deal could happen with this group after a good tour and some bold strokes.

Forty Hour Week

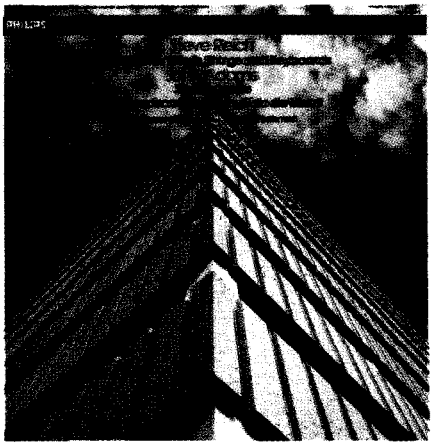
ALABAMA
RCA AHL 15339

★★★

A WORKING BAND SINGS ONE FOR THE working man. A few hits and plenty of nice tunes, delivered dependably. Genuine country, with class.

CLASSICAL

by Gregory Sandow



Steve Reich/John Adams

REICH: "Variations for Winds, Strings, and Keyboards"; ADAMS: "Shaker Loops"
San Francisco Symphony
Edo de Waart, cond.
Philips 412 214

★★★

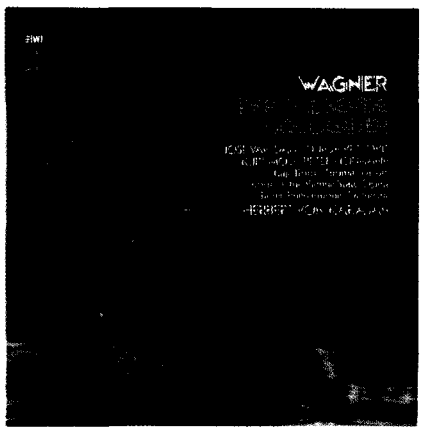
MINIMALISM IS AN OPTIMISTIC, HARD-working kind of music, so it doesn't help that the exuberance of these two composers is muffled by an orchestra that sounds like it's miles away. But there's still a hint of a lilt, and the Reich piece remains a delight at least for the mind. With all its problems, this is better by far than the heavy performances that paired these two composers some months ago on an Angel release.

Schoenberg: Works

Pierre Boulez, cond.
CBS I3M 37863, three discs

★★★

I'D HOPED TO RECOMMEND THESE records as an expressionist retrospective, the musical equivalent, more or less, of some museum's Kandinsky show. But I can't, at least not to lay listeners: Boulez's desiccated conducting makes a conundrum of *Erwartung*, the single-character horror opera that ought to be the convulsive highlight of the set. Initiates will gobble the thing anyway, just for the chance to hear rarely performed works like the second *Chamber Symphony*, the oratorio *Die Jacobsleiter* (which I'm afraid sounds like sludge to me), and an improbably diverting theater piece called *Die Glückliche Hand*. This last becomes the true high point of the set and—for noninitiates willing to forgive a plot line in which an artist's lurid defeat is supposed to be proof of his virtue—would make the most vivid, least abrasive introduction to Schoenberg I've ever heard.



Wagner: Der Fliegende Holländer

Jose Van Dam, Dunja Vejzovic
Herbert Von Karajan, cond.
Angel DSCX-3958, three discs

★★

VAN DAM SOUNDS LIKE A TROUBLED GENtleman of great refinement. He's tremendously impressive—except that as the legendary Flying Dutchman he ought to sound like he's driven by the winds of hell. I blame Von Karajan, who in opera can be totally right or totally wrong (sometimes, frustratingly, both at once): How can he inspire his singers when, to judge from the results, he seems to think he's conducting an abstract kind of sculpture?

Syrinx

Flute Concertos by Mozart and Quantz
SYRINX, pan pipe
Erato NUM 75187

★★★

DAMN ME FOR A PHILISTINE—BUT THIS guy (real name: Simion Stanciu) is superbly musical, and turns the none-too-easy feat of playing classical repertoire on an airy folk instrument into much more than a stunt. SR

CHRISTIAN STEINER

POP GOES THE DIVA

Grand opera stars do it—sing pop songs, that is, on records the trade calls "crossovers." Jessye Norman is the grandest star of them all, and now with a Philips release called *With A Song In My Heart*, she's done it, too, backed by John Williams of *Star Wars* fame conducting the Boston Pops. An event, you'd say, and I'd agree, though if you find that an overwhelmingly generous voice can't quite replace the finesse you'd expect in music by the likes of Cole Porter—well, you bought the record to hear Jessye Norman, didn't you? —*GS*

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16 B	17 N		18 T	19 J	20 Y	21 X	22 D		23 H	24 E	25 C	26 J		27 D	28 S		29 M	30 C	31 Z
32 N	33 A	34 J	35 K	36 X	37 T		38 Q	39 Z		40 W	41 M	42 Y	43 Z1	44 K	45 H	46 O	47 I	48 C	49 J
	50 B	51 E		52 D	53 P	54 S	55 Q		56 X	57 U	58 R	59 J	60 G	61 C		62 D	63 U	64 R	
65 F	66 C	67 I	68 N	69 Z	70 A	71 Z1	72 Q	73 Z2		74 E	75 H		76 R	77 M	78 W	79 L	80 R		81 Y
82 W	83 V	84 Q	85 F	86 I	87 Y	88 C	89 U	90 S		91 J	92 P	93 Z2		94 Q	95 N	96 L	97 C		98 Z
99 W		100 A	101 P	102 D		103 Z1	104 B	105 O	106 X	107 P		108 J	109 Q	110 V	111 H	112 N		113 Z2	114 F
115 T	116 Z		117 D	118 X	119 L		120 G	121 V	122 Z2	123 Z1		124 S	125 K	126 C	127 H	128 M		129 D	130 P
131 U	132 B	133 Z	134 Z1	135 I		136 S	137 G		138 F	139 R	140 Q		141 T		142 L	143 T	144 O	145 M	146 V
	147 E	148 C		149 Y	150 N	151 H		152 P	153 X	154 S	155 B	156 W	157 J	158 K		159 I	160 G	161 F	162 Z1
	163 A	164 R		165 Y	166 L	167 E		168 N	169 U	170 Z	171 Q		172 K	173 I	174 J	175 C	176 H	177 X	178 F
	179 G	180 Z	181 A	182 X	183 U	184 T	185 M	186 H		187 L	188 C	189 V		190 Z	191 J	192 Z2	193 P	194 Y	195 X

Letters of the clue answers (below) spell a quotation when put in the numbered squares (above). Reading down, the first letters of the clue answers spell the name of the quotation's author and the title of the work.

CLUES / ANSWERS

A. Husbandry
100 163 33 9 70 181

B. Practice; costume; addiction
104 16 50 155 132

C. Impressionist painter (d. 1916) (2 wds.)
30 97 175 66 88 61 25 148 126 48 188

D. Saint sometimes identified with Levi, son of Alphaeus (Mark 2:14)
129 27 22 117 52 102 62

E. Not steady, in a way
24 167 147 74 51

F. Deliberate subversion
3 85 138 114 178 161 65 14

G. The Brinks job, e.g.
160 60 179 120 137

H. Pelleas's love
111 4 151 45 75 176 127 186 23

I. Gem with subsurface design
47 135 159 173 86 8 1 67

J. Clark Kent's employer (with "The"; 2 wds.)
5 34 59 191 19 26 174 91 49 157 108

K. Share, as swag
158 125 172 44 35

L. Washing out
96 166 79 187 142 119

M. Lively intelligence, vivacity
41 145 29 77 185 128

CLUES / ANSWERS

N. With WORD P, play starring Mark Twain's King and Duke (2 wds.)
32 13 112 68 95 17 168 150

O. Is indebted
105 15 144 46

P. See WORD N
92 7 152 130 107 53 193 101

Q. Isaac's well site (Gen. 26:22)
84 72 109 38 94 171 140 55

R. Pre-Hades stop
164 58 80 76 139 64

S. Repugnance
124 136 90 54 2 28 154

T. Position animal stalkers shun
143 184 18 141 115 37

U. Starry cloud-like mass
131 183 57 89 169 63

V. Immerse; drench
189 121 83 146 110

W. He told how power corrupts
78 156 40 82 99

X. Remarkable
177 153 6 36 106 56 182 21 118 195

Y. Strutting dance
81 149 10 87 165 20 42 194

Z. Inhaling; occasioning
69 39 170 190 133 31 98 180 116

Z1. Selfish one
43 123 134 162 71 103 12

Z2. Unexpected; abrupt; hasty
113 192 93 73 11 122

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PUZZLES

THE WIT TWISTER
by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The robin, nervous ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___,
guards her young
And, ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ than a trap set
to be sprung,
Seems even to ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ her
mate's approach,
Although he ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
offering a roach.

A.S.

Last Month's Answer:
caress, scares, seracs

Literary Crypt No. 187

I HAVE A FINE SENSE
X YZLQ Z BXEQ AQEAQ

OF THE RIDICULOUS
TB PYQ OXUXWINTIA,

BUT NO SENSE OF
RIP ET AQEAQ TB

HUMOR
YIHTIO.

EDWARD ALBEE
QUVZOU ZNRQQ

Solution to Literary Crypt No. 186:
Many a man who thinks to found a home discovers that he has merely opened a tavern for his friends.

Norman Douglas

Solution to Tunick Double-Crostic No. 9:
HERBERT LETTMAN:
ALBERT CAMUS—A BIOGRAPHY
One of the risks of literary biography is that the reader may be lulled into thinking that all the essential is here, when in fact the essence of the life of the writer is his expression. . . . The biography of an author can seem like a banquet from which the guest of honor is absent.

THEATER

Continued from page 85

mance from the surprising ironic humor in this glum work. Hack couldn't treat *Strange Interlude* as a comedy of manners, but it's probable that only a British director and British actors, easy in such comedy, could, or perhaps would have wanted to, treat the play in anything like that style. It helped.

Chiefly contributing was the performance of Nina by that exemplary actress, Glenda Jackson. She attacked the immense role like an adventure, meeting its challenges—its burdens—with virtuosity. As often as the role permitted, she was moving, even in such a baroque passage as, "The present is an interlude . . . strange interlude in which we call on past and future to bear witness we are living!" And always the tawny Jackson voice coursed through the long play tirelessly and entrancingly.

O'Neill wanted to plumb the sources of sexuality and mortality, to disclose the powers that lie outside human control.

I can't call this production an artistic success; the play itself prevented it. But it was as painless a way as possible to get firsthand theatrical experience of an evolution—the evolution of a man determined to be a genius, who later succeeded. SR

AMENDMENTS
Edward Abbey was incorrectly quoted on p. 44 of the January/February issue as identifying the "wobblies" as the "International Workers of the World." The quote should have read "Industrial Workers of the World." In the March/April issue, a credit line was inadvertently omitted. Rudy Hernandez photographed the perfumes on the vanity, and the photograph was styled by L.A. Clever. Several photographs used in "The Two Garbos" in the March/April issue were courtesy of Peter Hanson.
The articles in this issue on Nina Simone and Anita Brookner first appeared in the British magazine *Harpers & Queen*.

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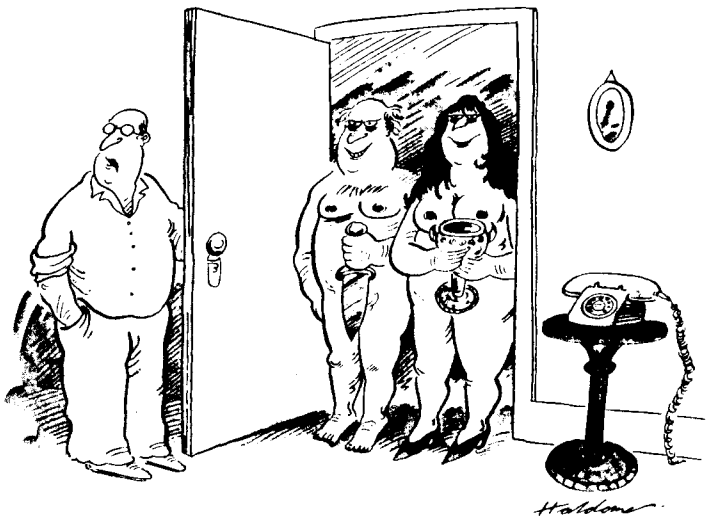
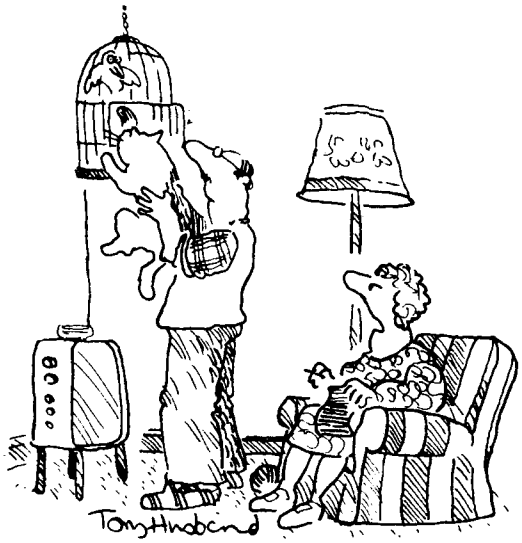
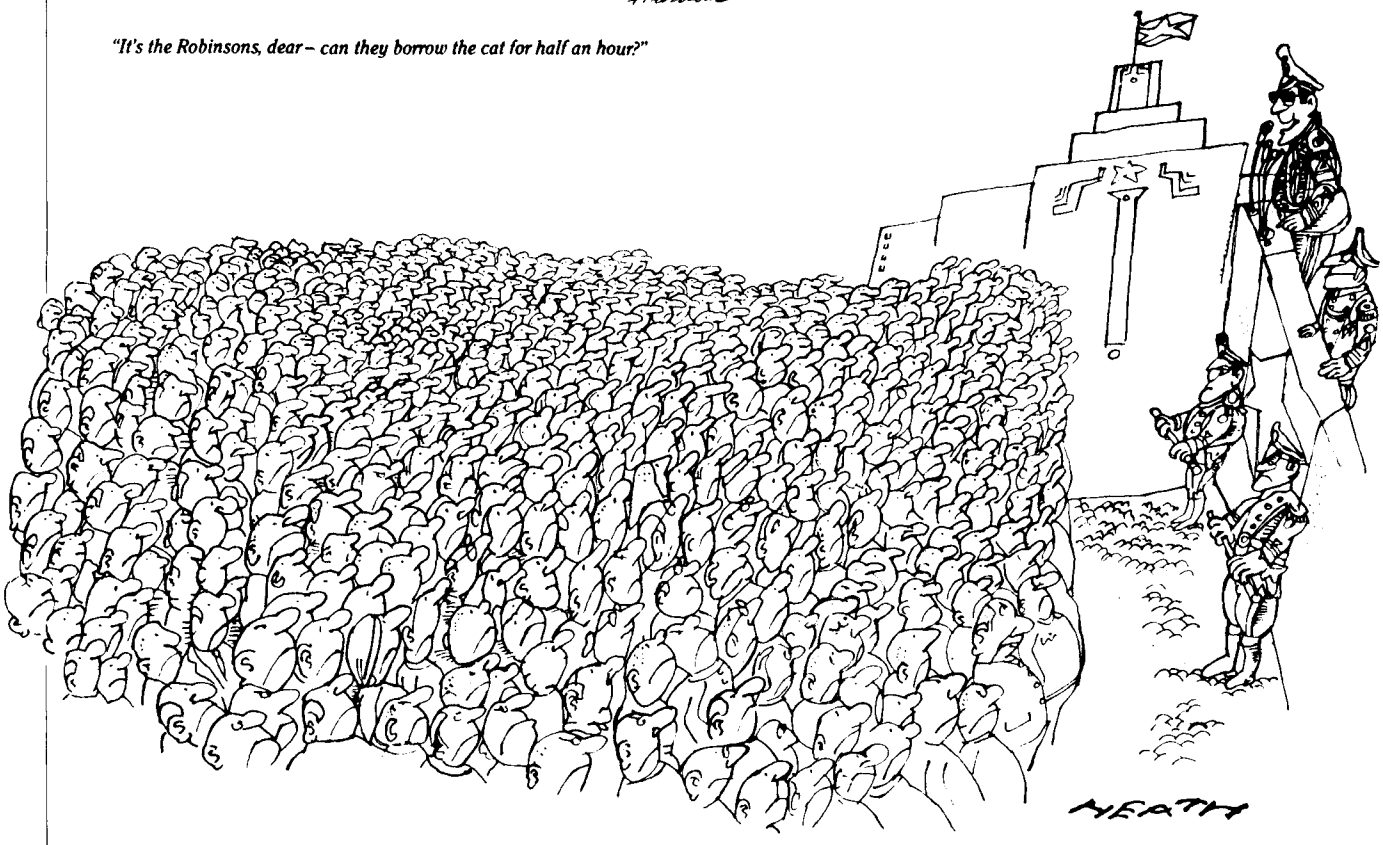


"It's the Robinsons, dear – can they borrow the cat for half an hour?"



"You spoil that cat, Richard."



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